

Saturday Night

Canada's Magazine of Business and Contemporary Affairs

SEPTEMBER 2ND 1971 20 CENTS

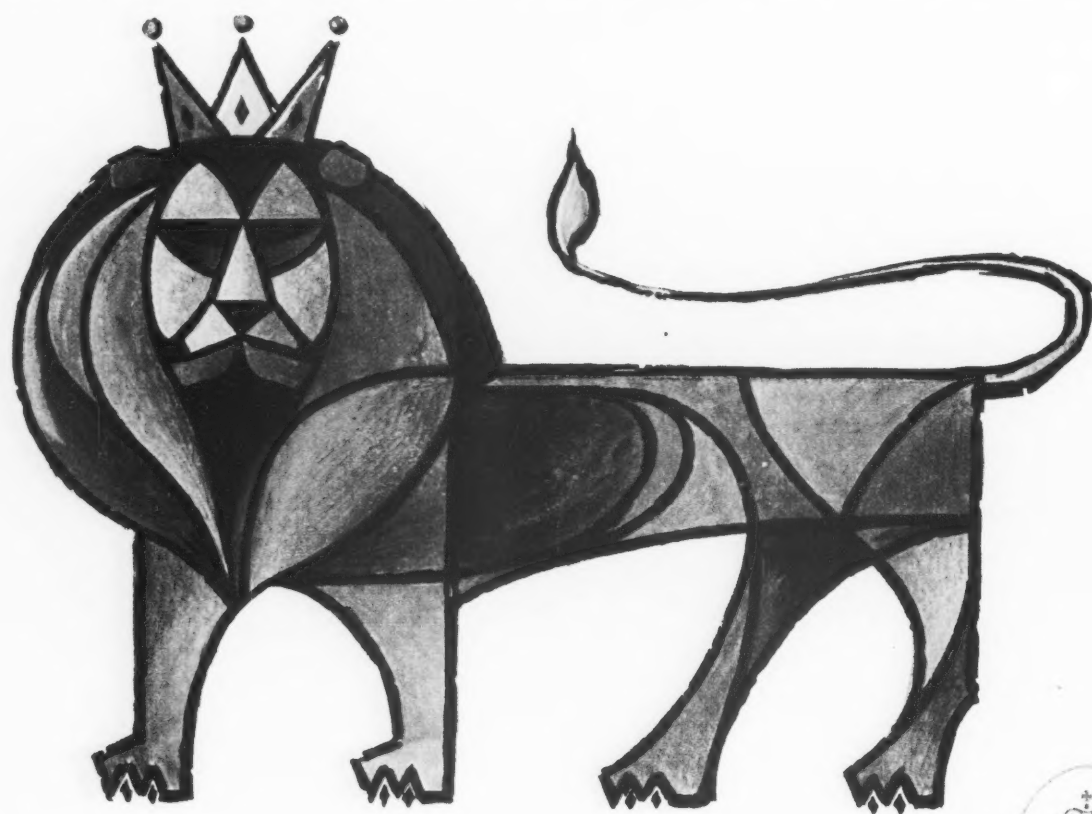


Douglas and his New Democratic Party

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Saturday Night

VOL. 76 NO. 18

ESTABLISHED 1887

WHOLE NO. 3399

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INSIDE STORY

THE COVER: "Tommy" Douglas, leader of Canada's New Democratic Party.

Ramsay Cook of the Department of History of the University of Toronto observed the founding convention of the NDP with a historian's eye and reports with a historian's clarity. Moderation, he finds, triumphed all down the line in opposition to doctrinaire socialism and there was plenty of both enthusiasm and hard work. Now, what Messrs. Diefenbaker and Pearson—and Mr. Douglas—all want to know is what the voter thinks of the NDP.

Professor **Graham George**, head of the Department of Music at Queen's University, pays his annual visit to the musical portion of the Stratford Festival and finds that it leads two lives—private and public. Neither is completely satisfying and George, in his usual forthright manner, suggests a program to remedy the defects.

Now in its fourth season, the Vancouver Festival is still somewhat uncertain as to just what it wants to achieve. Both selection of offerings and performances are ragged. What is desperately needed, reports **Marion Smith**, Associate Professor of English at the University of British Columbia, is a little excitement.

Complaints of "insider profits" have again brought the Toronto Stock Exchange and "the street" unflattering publicity. How is the Exchange's new president, Lt.-Gen. **H. D. Graham** moving to meet mounting public criticism? Business Editor **R. M. Baiden** reports on what Graham has found wrong with the Exchange and what he has done to correct those faults in the eight months since he took office.

From OTTAWA, **Raymond Rodgers** tells how the electoral balance in this country is still weighted heavily in favor of the rural voter . . . from LONDON, **Beverley Nichols** reports that **John Osborne's** new play about **Martin Luther** revolves about a discussion of the side-effects of constipation . . . in BOOKS, **Kildare Dobbs** discovers that **John Gunther** does not think there will be a war over Berlin . . . in FILMS, **Mary Lowrey Ross** takes a fascinated look at the new Italian feature, *La Dolce Vita*.

President and Publisher: Jack Kent Cooke; Vice-President, Hal E. Cooke, Neil M. Watt, E. R. Milling; Circulation Manager, Arthur Phillips. Director of Advertising: Victor Allen. Branch Office, Suite 707, Drummond Building, 1117 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal. Representatives: New York, Donald Cooke, Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue; Chicago, Adrian Boylston, 6922 N. Kenton Ave., Lincolnwood, Illinois; Los Angeles, Lee F. O'Connell Co., 111 North La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.; San Francisco, Theodore B. Hall, Lee F. O'Connell Co., 681 Market St.; London, Eng., Dennis W. Mayes Ltd., 69 Fleet St., E. C. 4. **Subscription Prices:** Canada \$4.00 one year; \$6.00 two years; \$8.00 three years; \$10.00 four years. Commonwealth countries and U.S.A. \$5.00 per year; all others \$6.00. Newsstand and single issues 20c. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Published every second Saturday by Consolidated Press Division, 73 Richmond St. West, Toronto 1, Canada.

PICTURE CREDITS: Cover, Fednews; Pages 9, 10, 11, 12, Fednews; Page 13, Peter Smith; Pages 14, 15, Stratford Shakespearean Festival, Franz Linder; Page 16, Hurok Attractions, Basil Zarov; Page 18, Barry Glass, Vancouver Festival Society; Page 23, Johnston; Page 25, Wide World; Page 27, Wide World; Page 29, Bill Doll and Company.

Letters

Quality vs. Quantity

Canada's immigration policy does deserve some criticism, but not for the reasons given by Harry E. Mercer "Immigration, A Lesson for Canada," [SN August 5].

When praising Australia's immigration policy and criticising Canada's he has overlooked one tremendously important fact — immigrants coming to a country without the enticement of free transportation and other handouts generally possess to a greater extent those qualities which produce better citizens. A prospective emigrant is likely to put more intelligent thought into his decision and be much more determined to succeed if Canada is his choice for his future home.

Obviously the prospect of virtually unlimited state aid in Australia (at the taxpayers' expense) will attract a proportionately larger number of "the world owes me a living" type of immigrant.

On the occasions when Canada has provided free transportation etc. the results have often been unpleasant (e.g.) the Hungarian "Freedom Fighters."

A pioneering spirit and a degree of independence are assets as valuable for the modern immigrant as they were for those who came before them.

Mercer confuses quantity with quality.

STREETSVILLE

R. G. CLARKE

No Disarmament

In a letter "Wise, Intelligent" [SN July 22] Peter Clark maintains that unilateral renunciation of nuclear weapons is "a wise and important step which Canada can take to aid the cause of disarmament". In my opinion there is no point in renouncing any weapon to "aid the cause of disarmament", because disarmament is not going to take place in any case.

To propose disarmament *without* effective inspection is to propose that the free world commit suicide; and to advocate disarmament *with* effective inspection is to advocate the impossible. Rockets with hydrogen warheads need not advertise their own existence in any way, and the Soviet empire is geographically just too big to be adequately inspected for such weaponry.

The grim truth is that with the advent of nuclear arms, it has become possible for the first time in history to conceal in a very small space a destructive potential sufficient to be decisive in a conflict. With this development, disarmament under effective "inspection and control" — still technically feasible in the 1930s — has become an obsolete concept.

We must squarely face the fact that any defence or foreign policy based on hopes for disarmament is a policy founded on illusion. People who urge that Canada can "aid the cause of disarmament" by renouncing nuclear weapons, or perhaps by voting for Red China's admission to the United Nations, are simply talking nonsense.

SASKATOON

K. H. W. HILBORN,
University of Saskatchewan

Alberta Conscience

Ernest Watkins [Point of View SN July 22] claims that Social Credit has no social or political conscience, but his arguments reveal that his political leadership in Alberta is without conscience of any kind.

This lonesome man, the only Conservative elected to Alberta's Legislature, puts up a bold front, but it is sham and chicanery of the highest order. To accuse Premier Manning and his Government of supplying nothing but administration, of having no desire for change, and of lacking imagination and vision is to make words meaningless. The record of achievement in Alberta testifies to that.

Watkins defines political conscience as "that which tells a politician when and how he is failing in the achievement of his political visions". He should have a talk with Canada's No. 1 failure in this regard—Mr. Diefenbaker.

Watkins is a "laissez-faire" Conservative who cannot reconcile government regulation of trades and business practice with free enterprise. He would abolish regulations of this kind. But has he told the Alberta people that his party would return them to the jungle of unfettered exploitation which formerly existed?

His next point is a masterpiece of conscienceless sophistry; for his party has been loud in its claim that Premier Manning is a dictator whose every

whim is followed sheeplike by the faithful. How then does he square this with his objection to a back bencher being able to win enough support for a private bill to enable it to pass in the Legislature in spite of the Premier's opposition? Consistency, thou art a jewel unknown to Conservative conscience.

What kind of conscience enables Watkins to call Alberta's oil and gas royalty dividend "the Social Credit dividend" when he knows full well that the Government was very careful to stress that this dividend was not the Social Credit dividend, but simply a distribution of oil and gas revenues to the people who own the resources of Alberta?

Watkins states that Alberta could afford to pay the whole cost of education from provincial revenues and still provide a better standard of other services than other Provinces. But he also knows that this could be done only by levying an additional \$60 millions in provincial taxes. Watkins does not conscientiously tell Alberta taxpayers what taxes his party would levy to accomplish this measure, or which of our present services would be eliminated.

Alberta may have had more money to spend on welfare services than any other province, but this is due in part at least to our policy of debt elimination. The money other provinces pay in interest on their debts, we use for services to our people. This would not be true if his party were in office.

A Conservative government would squander our assets and launch a program of borrowing much as the Canadian Government is doing now. After all, it was a prominent Conservative MP from Calgary who stated "Alberta's debt is ridiculously low!" Did anyone ever hear of a policy more lacking in conscience than that?

EDMONTON

FRED COLBORNE
*Minister Without Portfolio
Alberta Government*

Cost of Drugs

Bravo — to C. Arthur Law and SATURDAY NIGHT for presenting the first comprehensive article to the Canadian public, on the so called "high cost of drugs," [SN August 5]. Many journa-

lists and politicians have capitalized on this topic through sensationalistic articles and passionate speeches. Unfortunately, the public fails to realize that speeches and articles do not relieve pain and disease.

"You get exactly what you pay for" — and this platitude has been proven many times over in DVA and military hospital pharmacies where many generic drugs have been purchased by the Government and returned to their manufacturer due to therapeutic ineffectiveness.

The companies concerned with the research of the pharmaceutical industry have been drawn and quartered on all sides — the public, the retail pharmacists and the physicians have all had their say. The latter two are of great concern to me, because they exemplify a complete lack of understanding and knowledge of the industry which provides them with the tools to fulfill the requirements of their professions.

If we are to have inquisition courts, political witch-hunting, and general name calling let us turn the rock of "pharmaceuticals and medicine" completely over and search out other "weewigglee" things. For to have the pharmacist or the physician call the pharmaceutical industry irresponsible to mankind would be like having the "pot call the kettle black."

Perhaps there are avenues to be investigated and improved upon, but the pharmaceutical industry as a profession has lived up to its code. Let us put a stop to these Americanized, Kefauver-type inquisitions, both by the public and the "professions."

I commend Law's efforts to bring the pharmaceutical problem into a better perspective. I urge the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association to present their case more emphatically to the Canadian public.

By the way — I work for a research pharmaceutical house.

LONDON, ONT. DONALD R. TOWERS

Continuing Debate

Your Comment of the Day [SN August 5], contains, I believe, an error in fact, when you state that Donald Fleming was named by Mr. Speaker in the infamous pipeline debate in 1956. I must depend on my memory, which is by no means infallible, but I believe that the incident referred to did not occur when the House was in session with Mr. Speaker in the chair, but at a time that the House was meeting in Committee of the Whole, with the chair occupied by the MP who had been appointed Committee Chairman.

As I recall the reports in the daily

press, the incident happened in the following manner:

The house was called to meet as Committee of the Whole at 7 P.M. Immediately, the floor was occupied by Opposition members, and at approximately 9:30 Fleming was speaking. It should be emphasized that the meeting had been called to discuss the pipeline bill *and for no other purpose*. Up to the time that Fleming rose to speak, not one of the various members who had spoken had made any mention of the bill which should have been the only matter for discussion.

Fleming, also, was not speaking with reference to the bill, and finally the Committee Chairman, pointing out that two and a half hours of Committee time had already been wasted, ruled that Fleming must either confine his remarks to the pipeline bill, or relinquish the floor. Fleming replied that he would do neither. Whereupon, Hon. Walter Harris moved that Fleming be expelled from the meeting, which motion was duly passed by the Liberal majority.

The point is, that although there are Rules of Procedure through which the Speaker may at times rule a Member to be "Out of Order" on a subject which he is discussing, there is surely a great difference in a Member insisting on his right to speak on any matter during a debate when the House is in session, and in a Member insisting on the same right during a Committee meeting called for one specific purpose. The fact that Fleming actually was expelled from the meeting for refusing the Chairman's ruling that he must speak on the pipeline bill, shows the sham of his claiming subsequently that he was denied opportunity to speak on the bill.

It has always been my feeling that the Liberal Government did not cover itself with honor in its handling of the pipeline controversy, but that the Opposition, Conservative and CCF alike, behaved in an even more reprehensible manner. Their attitude clearly was to do anything to embarrass the Government, regardless of what might or might not be in the best interest of the country.

You suggest that it is interesting to speculate if a Conservative Senate in 1955 would have thrown out the pipeline bill. It should be remembered that another Conservative of considerable standing, Premier Leslie Frost, actually signed an agreement with the Federal Government, which was provisional upon the latter passing the pipeline bill, and that he publicly stated his wish that it should be passed. Is it not possible that a Conservative Senate might have followed the wishes of Frost, rather than those of George Drew?

In your same comment, you note that James Coyne acted improperly in



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violating a confidence in making public a document marked private and confidential. This is quite true, but Coyne at least had extenuating circumstances. He was following a precedent set by no less a personage than the PM.

When the latter made public the confidential report of the senior civil servants he was guilty of the most dishonorable act ever committed by a person of his position in Canada's history. Small wonder if others should take less seriously a matter of confidential information, if the Prime Minister flouts it! And Coyne was in a peculiar situation to say the least. Consider the steps which led up to him making this particular document public.

1. Fleming stated that Coyne had angrily turned down a Government suggestion.

2. Coyne denied that he had done so, and that correspondence on the matter would prove that he had not done so.

3. Fleming stated in the House that there was no correspondence on the matter.

Since Coyne had thus been twice pictured as having stated an untruth, and as he had in his possession the means of proving that, in fact, he spoke the truth and it was his antagonist who, knowingly or by mistake, was making false statements, he would surely be less than human not to have made use of his documents.

You are correct in pointing out that the Liberals are on thin ice in their position regarding the tariff bill, considering the powers they were so willing to give to C. D. Howe. But it should surely be pointed out that the Conservatives in opposition protested strongly (and properly) against such powers being given to any one person, yet when in power themselves, attempted to do the same thing.

I can recall no previous occasion when I considered the Senate worth what it costs the country. I feel that its performance this year more than proves its worth. Some type of reform might be advantageous, but abolition of the Senate would appear to be a great mistake.

GEORGETOWN, ONT.

H. C. LEWIS

Editor's note: The record shows that on May 25th, 1956, with the House in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Fleming stood on a matter of privilege. The Chairman asked him to resume his seat. This he refused to do and the Chairman reported the incident to the house (with Mr. Speaker in the chair). Mr. Harris brought in a motion that Mr. Fleming be suspended from the service of the House for the remainder of the day. After debate, the motion was carried.

Comment of the Day

Pensions and Prices

A PENSION most certainly is a good thing and a portable pension is even better (think of the fuss it might have avoided with the Bank of Canada). Certainly, Ontario's initiative in developing a plan with both portability and vesting rights is commendable. This is a necessary first step in ensuring financial security for Canadians, assuming that all the provinces ultimately will introduce similar legislation.

But it is only a first step and, in the long run, perhaps, will not prove to be as comprehensive as now appears. Additionally, the pension provisions as now outlined cannot do an entirely satisfactory job by themselves. They require also a change of management hiring and firing practices.

A pension is intended, as far as management is concerned, to achieve two things. The first is to attract new employees. The second is to facilitate the replacement of long-service employees by younger recruits. But, as was noted in the first Summary Report of the Ontario Committee on Portable Pensions released early this year, there is growing concern that the standard of living of a person who has retired "should bear some reasonable relationship" to his standard while working.

When it is observed that some Canadian wages and salaries rise as rapidly as seven per cent per year — compounded — the dilemma is clear. Ontario's plan takes only the first step in resolving this disparity between rising incomes and rising prices while working, and fixed income and rising prices when retired—and, of course, with the retirement fixed income significantly below pre-retirement income.

What is needed, ultimately, is a device to enable pension plans to provide fixed purchasing power, not just fixed incomes. This, admittedly, is a somewhat difficult problem. But it is not insoluble. A beginning can, in fact, be made even with most current pension plans.

That beginning would call for a determination on the part of management to adjust retirement age as well as pension costs and benefits. There is no actuarial justification for an arbitrary retirement age in pension

planning and even slight adjustments in retirement ages produce sharp changes in benefit levels.

But to take even this small step forward, management must abandon its rigid policies of maximum hiring and retiring ages. Unfortunately, this is a step it has consistently refused to take.

Election Dream

WITH ALL ELECTION tubs well thumped at conventions of Canada's four political parties, some observers are beginning to feel that this fragmentation of thought may well result in an unexpected stability. The reasoning runs like this.

It seems to be well understood that the source of additional votes for the New Democratic Party will be the existing Liberals — some Tories are already gleeful at the prospect and have nothing but good wishes for Tommy Douglas and his cohorts. But there is another aspect. Where can the Socreds get votes except from existing Conservatives? Informed opinion is that this party has already won considerable support from conservative businessmen, dissatisfied with the toe-dipping of the official Tories in the pool of socialism.

As both conventions showed, the NDPs and the Socreds are well-endowed with enthusiasm, efficient organizations and even the monetary sinews of political combat. They may be expected, therefore, to field a large number of able and well-supported candidates in the next general election. Here is where the vision (hopeful, perhaps) that the two may cancel each other out, lies.

Take a theoretical constituency of, say, 6,000 voters in which each of the four parties has entered an energetic candidate and in which the present discontent with a number of things persists. Suppose the election results are: NDP 1,000 votes; Socreds, 1,000 votes; Tories, 1,990 votes and Liberals 2,010. The new MP would be the Liberal. Or, if the vital twenty votes were reversed, the Tory.

If the pattern could be repeated in a sufficient number of ridings across the country the new House could be fairly evenly divided between the two "old" parties. Wouldn't that be just lovely?

It's the Hot Weather

CANADIANS — although by no means in the same field with the English — have sometimes a tendency to be explicit. We noted this, the other day, when some vacation resorts reported, among the delights in which their guests partook, that of "horseback riding".

Why "horseback"? Are the sojourners by the lovely lakes likely to be riding motorcycles, or hobbies, or cows or even tigers? Why not just "riding" and leave it at that, allowing the hayburners to remain understood.

We pondered this as, during the hot weather, we walked the aisle of a department store where "relative greeting cards" are offered for sale. We have always wanted to send someone a "relative" greeting. Perhaps "get half well" or "I hope you are feeling a little better" might do.

But we haven't solved the problem presented by an adjoining counter which sells "kitten sweaters". Does anyone know of a chilly and deserving kitten?

Spanner in the Works

THE RETIREMENT of Premier Frost of Ontario may well have thrown a spanner into the election works of Mr. Diefenbaker.

Any pundit would have picked this Fall as a good time for Mr. Diefenbaker to have gone to the country. The NDP and the Socreds are not fully organized and the great Liberal fight both in the Commons and the Senate on behalf of James Coyne is difficult material to make a good election cause out of. It would be all too easy for the Tories to depict the Liberals as the upholders of the monied and management class and of the appointed rather than the elected representatives of the people.

Again, summer employment has made some inroads on the unemployment rolls — not enough to matter economically but enough to matter politically.

But this Fall, or any other time, Mr. Diefenbaker is aware that he is likely to lose seats in Alberta and British Columbia (to the Socreds in the first and to the NDP in the second) and

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that both Socreds and Liberals will make serious political hay in Quebec. Ontario, therefore, must be in good political shape for the Tories.

For years now Ontario's Tory stability has been due to Mr. Frost. He has weathered the storm of two major scandals — one in the department of highways and one concerned with natural gas (pipelines this century seem as explosive as railroads were in the last one).

What is more, Ontario has a low unemployment rate in comparison with the Maritimes and British Columbia and there seems to be a serious difference of opinion between the provincial Liberal Party and the Federal machine.

But with Mr. Frost voluntarily out of the picture and with keen rivalry among a bunch of potential successors, Ontario Tories are more concerned with provincial politics than federal ones.

Unless Mr. Diefenbaker takes a very unusual decision (of which, certainly, he is quite capable) it would look as though he has been manoeuvred by Mr. Frost into putting off an election for quite some time.

Crisis in Germany

WITH GERMANS, anything can happen. Two blood baths have not quenched the *furor Teutonicus*. That is why predictions on the Berlin business or, for that matter, the future of a united or divided Germany, are extremely hazardous.

That a danger to peace exists no one can doubt—the noises coming from south of the Canadian border are more warlike than they have been in years. Yet it can be doubted—as SN has on several occasions pointed out—that these manifestations by the Press express the true will of the American people.

How many average Americans—or Canadians—are willing to undertake an all-destructive war for what appears to them to be the salvation of some of their former, and bitter, enemies? Against aggression toward vital North American safety—yes; for the preservation of an outpost of the former German Reich—no.

We can take what comfort we may, then, from the absence of the feeling of inevitability of war which undoubtedly exists in this country today. The climate is unlike that of 1939 when most Canadians — and certainly its militia personnel — knew that it was not a question of "if" but of "when". Today Canadians feel that only the gravest circumstances would warrant embarking on a course from which

little blood or treasure might survive. And this is the judgement of mature men and women who have looked at the ugly face of war.

This feeling, too, accounts for the persisting apathy on civil defence. For who could believe that reasonable people, convinced that dire peril was on the way, would not take the most effective means to survive? And the root of this feeling is by no means a bowing to inevitable destruction.

To repeat, with Germans anything can happen and there have already been some symptoms of ugly tempers and an urge to violence. But we cannot believe that anyone—whether in the streets or the chancelleries of the world—is seriously considering war any longer as a method of implementing policy.

Pointless Pursuit

FOR SHEER WRONG-HEADED obstinacy it would be difficult to outdo the federal Government's refusal to let go of that tiresome bone of the pension for the Governor of the Bank of Canada. Initially no more than a pretext to force James Coyne out of office, it was blown up into a *cause celebre* and has now become a symbol of executive vindictiveness.

The Government's persistence in the matter after the departure of Coyne is deplorable. In this epilogue to the sordid story of its running battle with the former Governor, the Government has done nothing to restore public confidence in either its own probity or in the independence of the Bank's Board of Governors.

The very announcement of the suspension of the pension increase to \$25,000 a year from \$12,500 by Finance Minister Donald Fleming—not, be it noted by the Board of the Bank—is evidence of nothing more than petty spite. But the subsequent disastrous admission by Fleming that he didn't even know whether Coyne had applied for a pension puts the whole affair in its proper absurd perspective.

The Difference

AMONGST THE FLURRY of astronomical flights by Titov and Grissom we would not like to see forgotten the words of the *first* two men to return alive from space. According to *Tass*, Yuri Gagarin said: "Please report to the people and the Government, and personally to Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchov, that the landing was normal, I feel well, have no injuries or bruises".

According to the *Washington Post*, Alan B. Shepherd Jr. said: "Man, what a ride!"



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New Democratic Party's doctrine of co-operative federalism is thought by some to pose a threat to country's unity

The Labor-Socialist Wedding:

Moderation Wins Down the Line in NDP

by Ramsay Cook

DESPITE ASSURANCES that a University of Oxford college has remained "New College" since 1379 without becoming a laughing-stock, the majority of the delegates at the New Party Founding Convention wanted, and got, something more distinctive than just the plain "New Party" favored by the movement's organizers.

Whether the name "New Democratic Party" is any more meaningful may be open to question, but there can be no doubt that its acceptance was symbolic of the spirit of the gathering which claimed to be the largest convention in Canadian political history.

It was symbolic because it represented

a victory of the rank-and-file over the officials and what better word than "democratic" to describe such a victory? But more important, it was a triumph for the moderate majority over the small, but tenacious, left-wing minority.

This latter group would likely have preferred to preserve the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation label. (The impracticality of this position was well illustrated by the fact that after nearly thirty years of usage, one Ottawa newspaper was still translating the initials as *Canadian Commonwealth Federation!*).

Failing retention of the CCF, the minority, plus a few others, fought for

a "Social Democratic" party. But to most of the delegates this was not a name which carried the right emphasis. Certainly the new movement was to be a party of social reform, the majority argued, but Social Democratic was not a new name.

Moreover, it carried that doctrinaire connotation that had damaged the CCF. After the first straw ballot, in which the "New Democratic Party" made its first appearance as a write-in proposal and won second place, (next to "New Party"), there was never any doubt that the old socialist names were doomed to defeat.

The real contest was between "New



Douglas: Aspirations into realities.

Party" and "New Democratic Party". Despite the plea of Ontario MPP Kenneth Bryden that the "New Party" label be maintained — it was a party that intended to be permanently new, he exclaimed, and anyway to change it would mean losing a good deal of free publicity — the New Democratic partisans won on the third count on the preferential ballot. In this event the mood of the whole convention was summed up.

From the first day of this extraordinarily well-organized meeting, a division emerged between the moderates and the doctrinaires of the left. On the one hand the moderates ranged all the way from pragmatic, Fabian-like socialists to New Party Club representatives and Trade Union delegates, who were either left-wing liberals or practical social reformers who cared little for the subtleties of political philosophy.

The left-wing favored retention of something very like, perhaps even stronger than, the Regina Manifesto. (One delegate kept using that characteristic term of the thirties, "poverty in the midst of plenty", though the Convention itself showed few signs of this condition.)

The division in the delegation was not between the CCF members and the rest; rather it was largely within the ranks of the CCF group itself. By and large, the vanguard of the left wing was the British Columbia delegation headed by such veteran socialist doctrinaires as Colin Cameron, the exceedingly able former MP for Nanaimo, and Mrs. Dorothy Steeves, one-time member of the British Columbia Legislature. (She had not come all the way to Ottawa for "fun and games", she told the meeting.)

Al Macklin, a former CCF candidate for the Manitoba Legislature, was another frequent spokesman for the left.

(When he said on the last day that he was disillusioned and intended to go home, sit back and watch the others go to work, there was very audible clapping in the Coliseum.)

That the British Columbia delegation quickly made itself the unpopular voice of extreme left-wing causes was not unconnected with the decision of Premier W. A. C. Bennett — "a smiling Buddha", one B.C. delegate called him — to call the provincial legislature into session just as the New Party Convention was convening. This meant that all the elected B.C. MLA's, who follow the essentially moderate leadership of Robert Strachan, were prevented from travelling to Ottawa.

Anyone who has wondered why the British Columbia CCF has never been able to move from its well-established position on the Opposition side to the Government benches would readily have found an answer at the New Party Founding Convention. Nor was it without an amusing irony that, while the Convention was debating the virtues of public ownership, the British Columbia paragon of private enterprise virtue, Premier Bennett, was socializing the British Columbia Electric Corporation.

The real leader of the moderates was the pragmatic Premier of Saskatchewan. Though the diminutive "cocky wee Douglas" kept his own counsel during the first days of debate, there was never any doubt that he favored the moderate socialist planks of the New Party Draft Program.

Hazen Argue, CCF national leader, while by no means a doctrinaire, found himself, probably as much by force of circumstances as by conviction, identified with the rigid minority. This situation did little to enhance Argue's extremely slim chances of winning the leadership race.

Once the opening session's wrangle over the right of the CCF leader to present his stewardship report before the nominations for the leadership was settled in favor of the party organizers' decision to hear it on the last day, it was obvious that Argue's hopes and the aspirations of the left were feeble. The decision in itself was an unfortunate one, for Argue never had a chance of winning, but the refusal to allow him a more prominent place in the proceedings allowed the CCF leader to cast himself in the role of martyr of the grass roots revolt against the party brass.

As one shrewd observer put it, the Douglas forces had everything to gain by following the Churchillian maxim of magnanimity in victory, defiance in defeat. Unfortunately for Argue, whatever he gained as the idol of the minority was lost by the uncompromis-

ing and frequently tedious attitude of his supporters.

When Chairman George Grube remarked at one point, after a long hassle dominated by left-wing spokesmen, "even majorities have some rights", he expressed the exasperation of a majority of the delegates. It was indeed surprising that some wit did not point out the obvious pun in the vociferous, contentious left-wingers choosing Argue as their leader.

This division between the moderates and the left was apparent on nearly every one of the important debates that highlighted the convention, yet it did not result in any permanent breach. This was so for at least three reasons. First, the left-wing minority was extremely small — smaller than the 380 votes that Argue was able to collect in his leadership bid. Second, the left really lacked leadership, as is becoming to such a non-conformist sect.

Argue, with his agrarian background and parliamentary experience, was far more in sympathy with his opponent, Tommy Douglas, than with the left wing. Finally there were no deep, unbridgeable splits after the doctrinal and personal struggles because of the genuine good-will and political realism of the leadership candidates, and especially of Argue.

Few people doubted that Premier Douglas was the only man who could possibly turn the party's aspirations into realities, but when the meeting ended, nearly everyone agreed that in Argue, the new leader would have an able and loyal lieutenant. Argue's stature as a man and a politician rose immensely during the last days of the Convention. His speech accepting nomination for leadership was far superior to his opponent's — perhaps the best he ever made; Douglas' may well have been his worst.

When he moved to make the new leader's election unanimous, the defeated candidate, whatever his disappointment, gave the impression of sincerity and warmth when he promised his best efforts in supporting Tommy Douglas' new quest for power. Natu-



Despite American-type hoopla at evening leadership sessions 1,800 delegates proved themselves a diligent, sincere group.

rally, the debates on policy within the party will continue, as is inevitable within a left-wing organization. But the wounds of battle were bathed in healing oil, not with corrosive salt.

Perhaps the overriding reason for post-convention party unity is its leader and his policy, which are very much alike. T. C. Douglas shares many of the qualities of former champions of the Canadian left. His Western background gives him a common environment with leaders of the agrarian protest movements of the twenties. But he fits better into the tradition of left wing politics of the thirties.

Like J. S. Woodsworth, the first leader of the CCF, Douglas has a Christian minister's passion for the underprivileged and a concern to apply his version of Christian ethics to everyday life. (It was natural for him to describe his task as building a new Jerusalem). Like M. J. Coldwell, easily the most widely-respected man at the



Gaitskell: A plethora of platitudes.

Convention, and shrewdly chosen to nominate Douglas, the Saskatchewan premier is an intellectual and a parliamentarian.

But in the mixture of qualities that go into his attractive make-up, the predominating one is that of the political leader. He has wit, charm, oratorical power, and an obvious attraction for large crowds of people. While an intellectual in one sense, he shares none of that group's discomfort when mingling with the rank-and-file, whether hard-headed unionists, shaggy farmers, or idealistic young people.

Behind the podium, in the Legislature, or on the hustings, Douglas likes few things better than a fight. He was at his most ineffective when accepting nomination for an election in which his victory was a foregone conclusion. Once elected and facing the Tories and Grits, he was the old-time Tommy again, leading the "people" against the "interests" who continue to defile the Canadian temple.

By sitting back and waiting for the leadership to come to him (knowing, of course, that it would come), Douglas remained uncommitted to any single group — except the great group of moderates. He was not in anyone's pocket, he told the delegates.

Douglas has long exhibited a claustrophobic unwillingness to be enclosed. An opponent was once so angry with him that he threatened to devour the slight Premier. Douglas is reported to have retorted that, in that event, his attacker would become an anatomical freak, having more brains in his stomach than in his head.

It would be difficult to trap Douglas into speaking for only one pressure group. He is a pragmatic, ethical, socialist who almost automatically rejects the rigidities of either left or right. His concern is more with the positive tasks of raising the quality of life than with negative denunciations or sand castle utopias.

He is a practical politician who, like all successful reformers, knows that while principles may become dulled by power, such a situation is preferable to that of protest movements whose principles face the greater danger of growing rusty through lack of application. These are the reasons why, unlike former leaders of the Canadian left, Douglas has tasted power, and used it effectively. It also explains why the doctrinaire left distrusts him.

The platform on which Douglas will fight the next election was written for him by people who share his views. It was devised by men who subscribe to the assumptions of the recently published volume, *Social Purpose for Canada*. Like this book, the New Democratic Party program is concerned with increased government planning and public investment.

While it concedes that nationalization may sometimes be the most effective instrument of planning, it does not pretend, as earlier socialists did, that public ownership is a pat panacea for every economic difficulty. Economic planning, as envisaged by this program, would include increased social welfare, price supports for agriculture, price controls for the consumer, and the promise of full employment for the working-classes.

In the Galbraithian terms which underlie it, the New Democratic party's platform places heavy emphasis on the need to redress and counter-balance the public sector of the economy against the weight that has been placed on the private sector by recent Governments. It is a moderate policy, but moderate only in the terms of the left in the Canadian political spectrum.

It is socialist without using the word, but fully in line with British Labour's

recently published domestic program, *Signposts for the Sixties*. No one summed up the purpose of the party program better than visiting French socialist, André Phillip, who defined the aim of socialism as a responsible society, directed by responsible men, designed to extend freedom against irresponsible power. (M. Phillip's speech was brief and brilliant, especially when compared with the long, drab and frequently platitudinous deliverance of Hugh Gaitskell of Britain.)

Premier Douglas gauged the Convention's feelings accurately when he accepted Prime Minister Diefenbaker's challenge to fight the next election on the socialism vs. free enterprise issue. But Douglas significantly re-phrased the alternatives in terms which better describe the intentions of the party program: the fight would be between those who believe in a planned economy, and those who believe in every man for himself "as the elephant remarked as he danced among the chickens."

The foreign policy plank also suits Douglas' essential position. He, like the trade unionists whose views were most markedly realistic in this debate, recognizes that we live in a world where uncontrolled power still reigns virtually supreme. To unbalance that power could lead to disaster.

NATO, though a reformed NATO (whatever that may mean), therefore remains necessary. But equally is a more vigorous effort to prevent the spread of nuclear arms, advance the cause of European disengagement, and vastly increase foreign aid. NORAD must go, the Convention decided, without seriously considering an alternative. On the whole the foreign policy debate was disappointing.

The case for non-alignment was poorly argued by all its supporters ex-



In unsuccessful bid for party leadership, Hazen Argue was able to increase his stature as a man and as a politician.

cept Colin Cameron. (Mrs. Dorothy Steeves based part of her non-alignment argument on the claim that while swords could be beaten into plowshares, generals cannot be beaten into farmers. This seemed to ignore the fact that one of her supporters, ex-Major Harry Pope, had moved from the officer class to a political, if not an agrarian status.)

The case for remaining in NATO was far too apologetic and lacking in realism. No one pointed out that the much praised United Nations is an organization over whose every action Khrushchov intends in the future to have a full veto. Nor was it pointed out that within two years, unless the paralyzing troika-veto is accepted, the world organization will likely lack even a Secretary-General.

Too often the argument for staying in NATO was a political one — don't divide the party. Everyone seemed to agree that, in the present world crisis, ideas cannot be fought with guns; it was not always as clearly recognized that guns cannot be fought with ideas.

Evidently the party brass became somewhat jittery about the inroads that the anti-NATO forces were making, for on the second day of debate, the heavy artillery was thrown in to defend the proposals of the program committee — M. J. Coldwell, Kalman Kaplansky of the CLC, David Lewis and finally leader-elect Douglas. The ensuing vote snowed the proponents of non-alignment under. This result, though never in doubt, probably reflected Douglas' effective intervention.

But no argument cut more knife-like through the frequently foggy emotionalism of both sides than clear-minded David Lewis' declaration that "it is false, misleading and hysterical to say that to stay in NATO will lead to war — remember that if we withdraw, the nuclear weapons will stay where they are." In the end, for whatever reasons, realistic, emotional or simply pragmatic, Tommy Douglas got his platform.

One area where a debate of an unusual type took place was on the relations between the French and English Canadian wings of the party. No third party of English-Canadian vintage has ever made any perceptible impact on Quebec. As a centralist party, as well as a socialist one, the CCF had little attraction for autonomy-conscious French-Canadians.

To meet this situation, as well as to recognize the essential justice in the French-Canadian claims to acceptance as equal partners in the new movement, the Convention was presented with a specific proposal on "Co-operative Federalism." Its original form was not explicit enough for the Quebec delegates who insisted on, and got, a

recognition of the doctrine of "two nations" — one French, one English — within the Canadian federal state. Long ago Lord Durham described Canada as "two nations warring within the bosom of a single state".

It is the hope of the founders of the New Democratic Party that the new emphasis on federalism will result in "two nations co-operating within the bosom of a single federal party". This decision once more reflects the moderation of the great majority of the delegates at Ottawa.

In accepting the "two nations" doctrine the party accepted one of the essential facts of Canadian political life — that of a party which can appeal on both sides of the Ottawa river. This also explains why every delegate was provided with equipment for the simultaneous translation of all speeches, and also why both of the leadership candidates thought it desirable to speak a certain amount of what Premier Douglas called Saskatchewan French.



After the shouting, any response?

Of course, the doctrine of "two nations" could be dangerous. Dr. Eugene Forsey, research director of the CLC and noted constitutional authority, denounced it as "veiled treason," though it was not very veiled, and the nature of the treason never made clear. Mrs. Dorothy Steeves warned that the doctrine would result in the "Balkanization" of the country. (An Ottawa newspaper evidently missed the point of this charge, reporting the word as "vulcanization"!)

Taken within the context of the entire program and the accepted taxation powers of the Federal government, the new doctrine of co-operative federalism is likely a justified attempt to advance towards genuine bi-culturalism in Canada. Moreover, it removes the stigma of centralism from the party, a stigma which weakened the CCF not only in French-Canada, but also in English-Canada where editorial writers frequently seemed to think that the CCF favored Federal government ownership of everything.

The same writers, of course, are now arguing that the New Democratic

Party's co-operative federalism will destroy the unity of the country. But the leadership of the new movement has long been aware that misrepresentation is an occupational disease often suffered by left-wing parties.

Thus the Convention ended with a leader and a policy which fit well together. The names of Argue and Douglas dominated reports of the meeting, but many others could claim part of the responsibility for whatever success it had.

First of all, the nearly 1,800 delegates showed themselves a diligent, hard-working collection of people. They plodded patiently through the intricacies of constitution and program for long, hot hours every day in Ottawa's ridiculously inadequate Coliseum. In the evening they let their frustrations and high spirits run free in the exuberant, American-type leadership sessions.

Then there were the individuals who worked at keeping the proceedings from grinding to a halt. Michael Oliver, McGill professor and new President of the party, worked endless hours with his committee to produce an acceptable program; Gerard Picard, newly elected co-president, and Michel Chartrand, who fought hard for the recognition of French-Canadian rights; Professor George Grube and Roger Prevost who exhibited patience as co-chairmen of the sessions, that can rarely have been equalled; Carl Hamilton, secretary of the Convention's executive committee worked so quietly and effectively that he was hardly noticed by the public.

Finally there was Stanley Knowles, the clergyman-politician who has labored for years to use his clerical authority to marry organized labor to a left-wing political party. No doubt David Lewis, perennial CCF president, acted as a proud best-man (his critics say he held the shotgun).

Will the marriage be a happy one? Certainly the celebration of the joyous event was promising. All parties pronounced their vows clearly, the sermons were inspiring, the music folksy, and the liturgy strongly American in flavor. But much will depend on the honeymoon period before the next election.

There is obviously little use in holding the most heavily-attended political marriage in Canadian history, if the newly-weds go out into the world and find that all their friends were at the wedding. As a wedding march the delegates at the Coliseum lustily sang the rousing union ballad, "We shall not be moved."

The question now is, "Will the Canadian people be moved by this New Democratic Party?" There are few people more anxious to know the answer than Mr. Diefenbaker, Mr. Pearson and Mr. Douglas.

The Music Leads a Double Life

by Graham George

STRATFORD'S MUSIC festival is leading a double life. It has a private life which is healthy but reaches relatively few people, and a public life which is a sell-out but none too healthy.

The private life consists of the so-called "orchestra workshop", variously referred to as a source of inspiration incalculable in value and as a lair to which beaten musicians can retire to lick their wounds. The public life consists of the *Pirates of Penzance*, a chamber-music concert on Saturday morning and a full-dress concert on Sunday afternoon.

This hardly constitutes a festival — to which it is officially answered that it has never been called a festival: it is "the music season at the Stratford Shakespearean Festival". Ingenious, but it won't do: the public (which is the monster to be appeased) thinks of it as a festival, partly because for its first three years it indubitably was one, and all the rewording in the world won't make the public think otherwise.

First, what about the private life? Is it justified, in view of the small number of people who benefit directly by it? The arguments are strong on both sides, and I shall try to state them fairly, without at this point attempting to decide between them.

The orchestra workshop was set up in 1959 as a means of enabling expert instrumentalists from all over Canada to leave for a time the TV and radio treadmill which is their twentieth-century fate, and devote themselves in peaceful surroundings to the re-discovery of their enthusiasm. It was an exciting idea even to people not taking part in it, and clearly it has retained that excitement for those participating in it now.

The players say that it is for them no less than a return to sanity after the dementia of their normal "pursuit" of music; and it can be assumed that the effect on musical life in the communities from which they come cannot fail to be good. (From Toronto 15 players; Montreal 2; Winnipeg 2; Cleveland and New York one each.)

A strong argument in favor of the workshop is that the chamber music concerts which derive from it have been well attended, averaging some 700 people a time. This is astonishing, and

gives pause to those who doubt the workshop to be worth its keep. On the other hand it must be conceded that it is in its very nature a private affair for the musicians concerned, and that it absorbs money which might be applied to public music-making.

One of the arguments advanced in favor of retaining it is that its effect on the musicians taking part in it is such as to give the chamber music concerts a quality notably superior to anything that could be done even by front-rank chamber groups who have not had such an experience of withdrawal-and-return. I am afraid this contention would be hard to support in cold fact.

I heard only one of the chamber concerts and it gave me much pleasure: Boccherini's *C major string quintet*, with Leonard Rose as "solo" cello, contained all the sensibility that Boccherini gave it, and the famous last movement came off splendidly. Rose needs no compliments from me, but he can have them by the bucketful if he likes.

Beethoven's *D major Serenade* for flute, violin and viola was capably played, but stopped short of excitement and had some technical flaws (beyond, that is, what one normally accepts in the name of humanity); and what promised to be a fine performance of Gabriel Fauré's nobly loquacious quartet for piano and strings was

marred by the impact of a lightning-bolt on the tower of the Festival Theatre.

It put out most of the lights in the theatre, and all the imperturbability of the players and all the smooth competence of the theatre staff couldn't put Fauré together again. This concert was good chamber music. But it would be gross misrepresentation to suggest that one has never heard better, and what information I was able to assemble implied that this was one of the best chamber concerts, technically speaking, of the season.

In the Sunday afternoon concerts the three directors of the festival, Glenn Gould, Oscar Shumsky and Leonard Rose, made appearances in their normal character of public performers. Why three directors?

Because Louis Applebaum, the festival's first director, left last year to become the CBC's director of music on TV, whereupon the governing board of the festival concluded that Shumsky (violin) and Rose (cello), who had been the directors of the first two orchestral workshops, together with Glenn Gould, the glittering spear-head of Canada's musical advance to international glory, would make a splendid three-man directorate for the 1961 festival, with the ubiquitously irreplaceable Ezra Schabas as back-stop.



"The Pirates of Penzance". Harry Mossfield as pirate, Eric House.



Gould: Spearhead of triumvirate.

It implies no disrespect for the great musical qualities of these experienced and able men to say that this was an unfortunate decision. The short and sporadic history of triumvirates is not encouraging; and artistic distinction — especially as performers — is not often allied with marked administrative and planning ability.

Of the four, if we add the back-stop to the triumvirate, Schabas is the only one with a notable administrative career behind him, and my guess — I must emphasize that it is a guess — is that his advice was not given close enough attention when the final decisions were being made.

The Sunday concert that I heard presented a remarkable program. To start with, Oscar Shumsky conducted and played the solo violin in Hindemith's *Kammermusik No. 4*, a classic example of the wonderful clarity of line to which Hindemith was able to reduce the complex sonorities of the 'twenties.

I am rarely happy about the soloist-conductor combination: it leads to both soloist and orchestra-members conducting themselves with whatever parts of their bodies are unoccupied — usually their heads. This is disconcerting. All the same it was a *tour de force* for Shumsky and he brought it off very well indeed.

In musical perfection, however — it implies no disparagement of Shumsky's achievement to say so — the afternoon belonged to Leonard Rose's superlative performance of Schumann's well-worn but far from worn-out *Cello Concerto*, and to Lois Marshall who sang Mozart's *Exsultate, jubilate* with all the music and all the notes there.

In emotional intensity, on the other hand, the afternoon belonged to the string orchestra's impassioned playing of Beethoven's *Great Fugue*: that tortured colossus of a work which makes you feel as if you've been run over by a

steam-roller — with lugs. Here indeed was a possible vindication of the orchestra workshop's value.

I am told — and I believe it without difficulty — that the other Sunday concerts were equally fine; we can thus assume that our festival-to-aim-at would include just such concerts as these. But it needs pointing out that, as long as you have people attending Shakespeare throughout the week, you cannot be satisfied with a concurrent music season operating only at week-ends. This could be part of a festival:—it cannot by itself create one.

What about *Pirates*? The decision to perform *HMS Pinafore* in 1960 had seemed to me an unforgivably timid idea, after the distinction which had been conferred on previous festivals by such events as the North American premiere of Britten's *The Turn of the Screw* — yet it turned out a huge success, not only at the box office but also artistically, to anyone not unalterably prejudiced against G & S (and I for one am most certainly not).

But *Pinafore* ran for only 24 performances during a season whose main importance lay in its International Composers' Conference. To play *The Pirates of Penzance* eight times a week for five and a half weeks, and to have nothing else in the festival except Saturday chamber music and Sunday concerts, however wonderful they may be, is much less justifiable.

Sir Tyrone Guthrie, according to advance press releases, was determined not to make his *Pirates* another *Pinafore*: but, unless these works are to be re-directed out of all recognition, there is a limit to what can be done in preventing one sounding much like another — as Sullivan was sometimes morosely aware; and the cast this year (not quite as strong as last year's, but certainly comparable) was perceptibly affected by this sense of tautology — be it said to their credit.

In contrast to the wonderful *élan* of last year's *Pinafore*, there was a cer-



Oscar Shumsky: A "tour de force".

tain slickness about *Pirates* — a feeling of "see how clever we are? — this is really child's play to us", which was fatal to the opera's charm by underlining the extent to which, by dating, it has lost its charm.

As counterbalance to this grumbling, what suggestions are there toward making Stratford's music season worthy of Stratford's Shakespearean Festival? I have some to make, and having made them I shall outline what I believe would be festival officials' reply to them.

I revert to the main assertion of an article I wrote for the *Canadian Music Journal* in 1958 on the same topic: that the music festival will achieve no status worthy of its splendid progenitor until it makes *distinction* its first, foremost and indispensable ingredient. I know the immediate objection will be that the public disdains distinction and lets Britten's opera, with Britten conducting, lose money.

I know that, as in any publicly-supported venture, some concessions to inexperienced taste have to be made. But the concessions must be made to advance a main thrust, not as unrelated diversions on a fog-bound field. I offer two chief alternative suggestions for the main thrust.

I. The composer who most nearly matches Shakespeare in producing art of the highest order and amusing the groundlings at the same time is Mozart: the "eighteenth-century drawing-room" to the general — the admired of all who seriously try to listen — the despair of those who try to compose. My first suggestion is therefore that we have a Mozart opera festival to match our Shakespeare festival at Stratford.

Mozart opera taken seriously, produced stylishly in English, taking the standard of Sir Thomas Beecham as its musical criterion and perhaps those of Glyndebourne for its staging. There is no important Mozart-making on this continent: there is Salzburg, Munich, Glyndebourne, but not New York, Chicago or San Francisco. Is a dream of Mozart any more absurd than Tom Patterson's dream of Shakespeare?

II. Or, if you don't like one-composer festivals, and prefer to regard Shakespeare as the unique case (as he may be), I can set you up with suggestions — practical ones too, if you believe as Tom Patterson believed — until 1966.

They include Mozart operas the first year, a medley of Baroque glories the second, Beethoven the third, Lully the fourth (this would present a challenge to publicity, but an advertising tradition which manages to sell such patent unrealities as it daily does should have no trouble with the actual and ravishing music of Louis XIV's pre-Petrillo. At least publicity would have something to

publicise, which at present — the workshop being a private life — it scarcely has); and Stravinsky the fifth.

The festival directors' replies to such suggestions as these vary, but the most cogent of them is their review of the physical conditions under which performances have to take place. The directors of the Shakespeare Festival have for the past two seasons placed the Festival Theatre at the disposal of the Music Festival on Saturday mornings and Sunday afternoons: an arrangement which the Music Festival people regard as generous but which is hardly satisfactory from anyone's point of view.

The Festival Theatre has the advantage of being one of the most exciting buildings imaginable, but its acoustics, though by no means bad for music, were designed for the speaking voice and combine rather curiously two qualities undesirable for music: "dryness" — that is to say, a short reverberation time — and extreme audibility.

(If you wonder why extreme audibility is not a merit in a building used for music I can best reply by quoting the doubtless apocryphal story that Lily Pons, singing for the first time in the Royal Festival Hall, London, is said to have remarked that she didn't dare swallow in case it sounded like Niagara Falls.)

Further, the practical problems of building out the stage to hold a symphony orchestra, and clearing it away again in time for the next play to go on, are severe; and it says much for the determination of the Shakespeare



Leonard Rose: Superlative cello.

Festival's directors that their concern for music at Stratford impels them to face such difficulties, along with deficits. For music at Stratford loses money (as all major musical ventures must), whereas Shakespeare does not.

But what about the Avon Theatre, which for the past four years has been the headquarters of the music season? Its one and only merit is that it's there: it has four walls, a roof, a stage, seats and a box office. But its inconveniences make a list too long for our page to hold: the most serious of which — serious to the point of dictating what the festival can do — are a tiny stage; a cramped orchestra pit — "pit" only by courtesy, it being at floor level; insufficient dressing-room space and no space at all for the orchestra to call

home: they have a trailer outside.

My complaint has been — and I reiterate it loudly — that this year there has been no music festival at Stratford. At week-ends you could hear two concerts, the chamber music not always of notable calibre; and there was the workshop, which you could *not* hear. So far this was material that would have formed part of a festival if there had been one.

But if your holiday itinerary brought you to Stratford between Monday and Friday your lot, if I may coin a phrase, was not a happy one: you could hear *Pirates* once a day and twice on Wednesday — and if this constitutes a festival then Stratford had one.

But this bitter clamor is irrelevant if, in fact, a Music Festival of the kind we want is physically impossible, and it seems clear that, if we are to have a festival of a continuing excitement comparable to that of the Shakespeare Festival, we must set to and get a-building. Not, perhaps, the multi-million dollar kind of building that opera-houses readily become if you go the whole hog; but possibly a shed, as at Tanglewood (though something would have to be arranged about the CNR's exuberant habit of blowing its own horn from Toronto to Sarnia).

Only so, it seems to me, can any festival director at Stratford set up a season which relies on musical reality and has some hope of paying a reasonable proportion of its way. Until then I fear we can hope for nothing better than a series of year-by-year more ghastly gimmicks.

Festival at Vancouver:

A Growth in Grace and Modesty

by Marion Smith

AT MID-POINT OF THIS, its fourth season, it is clear that the Vancouver International Festival has grown in grace as it has grown in modesty. In abandoning ostentation it has so far avoided the artistic and financial disasters of previous years and has occasionally, if too seldom, achieved excellence.

To borrow the comment of a Vancouver music critic, overheard at the close of the Isaac Stern concert, "One or two more like this and we can begin to say we have a Festival."

Nevertheless the Festival still has a great deal of Royal Nonesuch to live down and a great deal of ballyhoo to live up to. Though Vancouver is no



Joy Coghill a delight as Puck.

Mississippi riverboat port, supposedly reputable organizations have too often been permitted to supply cultural backwater entertainment at New York prices.

As this season's villain we nominate the New York City Ballet Company, though their final performance did much to redeem them from the general curse that previous ones had brought them to.

Though originality of presentation and imaginative choreography can sometimes reconcile an audience to a mediocre performance, ballet depends for its ultimate appeal upon skill and spectacle. The program for Thursday, July 27 provided none of these things.

A company too small to make use of the full stage lacked an adequate company of male dancers, to say nothing of an outstanding *danseur*. Minimal sets, ineffective and unco-ordinated lighting, costumes which depended for effect upon frippery and spangles, lack of precision not only in the *corps de ballet* but in featured *pas-de-deux*, *pas-de-quatre* and solo dances made still more dreary what must have been the tritest examples of Balanchine's choreography.

Against this background of general inadequacy a few individual performances were glaringly competent. Jillana, as the Coquette in Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, was technically adequate if uninspired, and Allegra Kent's point-work as the Sleepwalker raised an occasional eyebrow from time to time. For the most part, however, the only life in this orgy of dullness was provided by the music, ably conducted by Robert Irving.

This was especially true of *Stars and Stripes*, in which all the "oomph" was John Philip Sousa's. Colorfully if anachronistically set in a milieu of medieval tents and dressed in nineteenth-century uniforms, the ballet based its choreography upon military drill formations but, as executed by the five regiments of the *corps de ballet*, fell far short of military precision. Of the concluding classical *Pas de Dix*, it is sufficient to say that Patricia Wilde as featured ballerina was not only heavy but heavy-footed, and that the shaky landings of the other nine dancers would, if executed on an icy runway in a pea-soup fog, have lost any TCA pilot his job.

After all this, it is a pleasure to add that Saturday's matinee came close to making the previous offences of the ballet company a skill by redeeming them in the eyes of the audience when it was least thought probable. If part of the afternoon's success was due to contrast with previous failures, however, the major credit should go to Jerome Robbins, choreographer for *The Cage* and *Fanfare*.

The Cage, danced to Stravinsky's



Stern: The audience in his hand.

String Concerto in D, presented a D. H. Lawrence view of Woman the Devourer. The set, a suggested web of suspended ropes framed in black velvet curtains, and the tawny, black-patterned leotards of the dancers, forcibly underlined the Arachnid theme. As a modern-dance ballet, *The Cage* was dramatic rather than formal in its emphasis and its varied choreography was grimly realistic in its combination of conventional dance-patterns and freely interpretive movement, though some of the traditional elements were a little incongruous.

One wondered, for example, what a Balinese temple dancer was doing in that spiderweb. Among the featured dancers, Allegra Kent as the ambivalent novice in danger of falling in love with her victim, and Gloria Govrin as the sinister queen, were both dramatically and technically impressive. Interesting in conception and competent in execution, *The Cage* was certainly the conversation-piece of the week's ballet offerings.

For sheer enjoyment, however, the bells were borne away by Benjamin Britten's *Fanfare* (more familiar as *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*). Effectively costumed in shades of pink for the strings, blue for the woodwinds and yellow for the brass, with the stark white of the harp and the black-and-white of the percussion as notes of contrast, the ballet was a visual delight. Again Jerome Robbins' choreography was imaginative and, in addition, witty. For once the dancers seemed to be enjoying themselves almost as much as the audience and, perhaps for this reason, worked harmoniously together to achieve clarity and precision of effect.

The male dancers, though they provided no acrobatic fireworks, were excellent comedians, especially the Trombone awkward squad drilled by Bill Carter as Tuba, James Brusok as the

tipsy Double Bass, and Michael Lland as leader of the percussion. Though this was a triumph of the whole rather than of individuals, the dancing of Suki Schorer as Oboe and Carole Summer as Viola deserves mention.

The high point of the Festival was the Festival Chamber Orchestra concert the same Saturday evening. From the solemn rendering of the Sarabande from Bach's *Partita in D Minor*, presented in memory of the late A. E. Grauer, to the last vigorous notes of Mozart's *Concerto Number 3 for Violin in G Major*, soloist-conductor Isaac Stern held both orchestra and audience in the hollow of his hand.

Whatever apprehensions may have been aroused by the violence of his attack in the opening *Allegro* of Bach's *Concerto in A Major* and his emphatic "beating out" of the rhythms of its *Allegro Assai* were more than allayed by his sensitive handling of the slow movement and by his generally scholarly approach to this demanding work.

Orchestra and soloist alike were happiest in the Haydn *C Major Concerto for Violin, Number One*, so superbly performed as to convince this reviewer that all soloists should conduct for their own concerto appearances. The excellence of the cello section in support of the violin in the first two movements was typical of the harmonious blending and firmly-controlled balance of instruments throughout the evening.

As soloist, Isaac Stern's performance was as brilliantly impressive as his conducting, not merely as an exhibition of technical mastery but as a faithful and intelligent interpretation of the score. Though he played with a justifiable pride in his own artistry, that pride was always subordinated to his respect for the music and to his awareness that the solo part of a concerto should be played "in consort" with the orchestra, not in competition with it.

Equally satisfying renditions of two Beethoven Romances and Mozart's *Concerto No. 3 for Violin in G Major* (K.216) followed the intermission. Those who feel that every concert should include at least one experimental work may have thought the program too conventional, but as far as performance is concerned negative criticism is quibbling where there is so much to praise.

If the August 1 concert of the Paganini Quartet failed to achieve similar heights, the blame is due more to circumstances than to the quality of the performance. Vancouver's long postponed small theatre is at last under construction but could not, lamentably, be completed in time for this year's Festival.

In the absence of any hall suitable for Chamber music, the concert was

Gratien Gelinas' "*Bousille and the Just*" shocked by its combination of high morality, bitter satire.

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held in the main salon of the Vancouver Art Gallery. The weather was of the sort Vancouverites associate with a Toronto summer, the level floor was packed tight, and the ventilating fans broke down. Even Orpheus would have found it difficult to lift the hearts of hearers whose bottoms were stuck to their chairs.

The quartet did its best to rise above circumstances in a program which gave equal emphasis to modern and traditional works, opening with Haydn's *Quartet in D. Major, Opus 20, No. 4*. The delicate handling of the viola in the first and of the cello in the final movement were outstanding contributions to a first-rate performance, received with lively applause from an already semi-wilted audience. It was no night for making the effort to understand unfamiliar music, however, and the second item on the program provided more pleasure than enlightenment.

Alberto Ginastera's *String Quartet No. 1* might be termed a Neo-Tone-Poem, basing its formal qualities on the interweaving of recognizable sounds rather than musical motifs and communicating not by conventional musical symbols but by connotation. Thus connotatively analysed, the work might be said to begin with an Oriental steelworkers' obligato and to proceed, wearing down listener resistance with the monotony of its "rock"-like rhythms, through a tentative sound-track for a science-fiction film, a clutch of tomtoms beating out a "V" in Morse code, a gabble of syncopated turkeys, the popping of corks, the clicking of a pebble in the wheel of a passing automobile, and a cello lament for a lost soul to a culmination in which all these sounds meet in mere oppugnancy.

The third movement begins with a De Bussyish evocation of a patient etherized upon a table, succeeded by the rippling rhythm of an intravenous

injection which sets the mood for the final *allegretto rustico*. And very *rustico* it is, as Gray's jocund plowman drives his team afield to the accompaniment of all the barnyard rhythms of Macdonald's farm.

The flippancy of this analysis is due to the heat rather than to any dislike of the music, which was far from unpleasing and not in the least incomprehensible. The audience was "with it" all the way, though it may have wondered just where the journey had taken it and whether the work itself was worth all the labor which must have been expended on achieving the excellent performance it received.

Anton von Webern's *Five Movements for String Quartet, Opus 5*, which opened the second half of the concert, might more appropriately have been called "Five Themes" than "Five Movements", since none of the five is more than tentatively developed. The work has a dream-like quality of tantalizing incompleteness, but, thing of shreds and patches though it is, some of the shreds are quite interesting.

Those who had stuck it out in spite of the high temperature, high humidity, and high degree of mystification were rewarded with a good if sometimes (understandably) flagging performance of Beethoven's *Quartet No. 11 in F. Minor, Opus 95*, in which the work of cellist Lucien Laporte was once more outstanding.

The Festival event which had aroused the greatest expectations was undoubtedly the North American Premiere of Benjam Britten's opera, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. At the close of the opening performance, a puzzled audience was wondering why, when so much was effective, the production as a whole failed to come off.

Perhaps the answer lies in that "so much" — so much flamboyance in the Victorian costumes, so much stage machinery, so much trick lighting, so much (too much) stage area, so much cutting of familiar text, so much uninspired choreography, so much of so many, inadequately rehearsed child fairies, so much subdued, chamber-opera music in so much too vast an auditorium, so much farcical incongruity, so much cuteness — in fact, so much of a muchness.

The set was ingenious in directing the eye away from the great void of floor space right and left to focus on the circular, revolving, three-level-and-steps grotto centre stage. When more playing area was required, as when Puck befools Lysander and Demetrius into losing their way, additional rock bridges to the grotto were slid in from the wings. In addition, fairy stage hands from time to time pushed backwards and forwards, to reveal or enclose the



Soprano Costa: Tytania in a leotard.

base of the grotto, the two pieces of a low, semi-circular rim, ornamented with cacti.

By this means the scene was changed from "A Wood Near Athens" to some other, more settled locality, perhaps "A Park Near Palm Beach". Variations of arboreal design projected on the backdrop and the management of three layers of scrim, similarly shifted scene, as the centrepiece revolved, from a swirly Emily Carr forest to a Gauguin jungle indicated in the text as "Another Part of the [presumably same] Wood".

But the elaboration of stage machinery was not the only dissipator of total effect. The composer and adapter have respected the original librettist's text to the extent of leaving it almost unchanged where it is not completely eliminated, with the result that the lines are not always easy to understand when sung, even in the solo parts. The expository passages assigned to the fairy chorus are almost unintelligible.

Since the greater part of the first scene of the play has been telescoped into the one-line comment to Hermia about the harsh Athenian law. "Which forces thee to wed Demetrius", and the action begins at the edge of the wood, it took some time even for those familiar with the text to find out where the actors were, what they were up to, and what they were saying.

No one goes to the opera for the sake of acting, but an opera based on a familiar Shakespeare play is likely to



Jillana in Bellini's "La Sonnambula." An adequate but uninspired coquette in an orgy of dullness.

have a heavier than usual dramatic emphasis. The director has therefore divided the roles among those who can act but cannot or do not sing, those who can sing but cannot act, some few who can do both, and a number of bodies.

Among the first group, Joy Coghill as Puck was a delight, in spite of over-mugging. She was always intelligent as well as intelligible in her rendering of the lines, and her exuberant, puppy-like movements conveyed the flavor of the mischievous spirit to perfection. Of the singers, counter-tenor Russell Oberlin as Oberon was in excellent voice and completely at ease in his role, in contrast to Mary Costa as Tytania, whose straining after high notes was distressing. Solidly built as a singer should be, she appeared disproportionately large when surrounded by the very small children who made up her fairy train, an impression which her purple leotard and tights and lavender plumage did nothing to mitigate.

Soprano Ilona Kombrink as Helena proved a competent comedienne and a still better singer, as well as a delight to the eye, while Joshua Hecht as Quince, Jan Rubes as Bottom, and Karl Norman as Flute discharged nobly their parts in *Pyramus and Thisbe*, played uproariously as Italian opera in the grand style.

As for Britten's music, it was appropriately light in tone, delicate in phrasing, and quite pleasing when one was not too distracted to notice it. Except for such movements as the very subdued and monotonously slow-paced opening scene, however, the visual distractions and the vastness of the auditorium made it fatally unobstructive and the less memorable for having, like most modern opera, no tunes.

The music did come close to dramatic impressiveness in one of Oberon's longer speeches and, considering that all except the fairy speeches were slashed almost out of existence, there was very little opportunity for it to do so, appropriately, elsewhere.

Gratien Gelinas' *Bousille and the Just*, which opened at the International Theatre August 3, also aroused mixed emotions. A predominantly Protestant audience unfamiliar with French Canada was inclined to be shocked by this highly moral but bitterly satirical attack on the triviality, egocentricity, and hypocritical, lip-service Catholicism of this typical, small-town, French Canadian family.

In this inverted morality play good fails and evil triumphs, but the ironically happy ending turns to dust for the triumphant. The plot focusses upon the pathetic struggle of the simple, almost Chaplinesque Bousille to maintain his integrity against the hostile

world represented by the microcosm of his family.

It is a crudely powerful play, crude not only in its characters and in much of its dialogue but in its awkward management of exposition. It is sometimes brutal, sometimes in danger of falling into the sentimentality which elsewhere it ridicules, and for a serious tragedy it is often very funny. It might be termed a "comi-tragedy".

Gelinas' comic virtuosity is considerably restricted in the title role of the timid poor-relation whose deadpan innocence and interminable anecdotes only the audience finds amusing, but he plays the part with a sincerity and sensitivity which carry conviction. Also convincing is Helen Loiselle as Noella, the disillusioned young wife clinging despairingly to the shreds of love and respect for her brutal domineering husband, strongly portrayed by Yves Letourneau.

We have had mediocre fare during this period of the Vancouver Festival. There have been no real horrors and few thrills. What the Festival needs desperately is a little excitement. It also needs vision and a sense of identity, and above all it needs to convince the citizens of Vancouver that the Festival belongs to them, both as the creators and the enjoyers of it.

To that end it needs a price structure which will fill the theatre at most performances and not the back two-thirds alone, which will make it possible for the average interested Vancouverite to bring along his house guests and his children, not once but several times. Only thus can it build up a solid, more-than-local reputation and a permanent audience.

It needs to use more works of Canadian composition both musical and dramatic and to rely more heavily on local performers. The events of the past week have shown that these things could be done without lowering present standards, which heaven forbid!

Some festivals, notably Stratford's, have been born of a great inspiration and fostered by great local enthusiasm. Vancouver, in a sense, has had its festival thrust upon it by an uneasy union of those who wished it to be good, those who wished it to be ambitious, and those who wished it to be financially profitable. In addition, it has suffered from the malnutrition consequent upon successive disappointments and the exorbitant cost of practically everything.

The quality of the current offerings, however, if not as good as might have been hoped for, has been so much better than was feared, as to give grounds for faith that the Festival will continue and for the hope that it may begin to move towards greatness.



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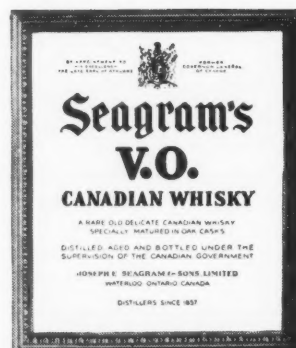
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A CANADIAN ACHIEVEMENT

HONOURED THE WORLD OVER

The Berlin Crisis and Khrushchov's Plan

by Anthony West

IT IS A ROUGH gauge of the way things are with the United States today that *The New York Times*, the only U.S. newspaper able and willing to publish the new Russian social and economic plans for the future, should have found it necessary to protect its readers from this dangerous document by printing a hysterical editorial comparing it to Hitler's *Mein Kampf*.

The plan resembles *Mein Kampf* about as closely as it does the King James Bible, which is about as closely as Comrade Khrushchov resembles Hitler. The latter comparison is growing increasingly popular in the United States largely because it provides an easy way of not thinking about Khrushchov as he is, and for thinking about him as he is not — a military adventurer whose hash could be settled once and for all by a collision of armed forces.

The document which the *Times* chose so egregiously to misrepresent to its readers was in fact a challenge to the West to a non-military contest in social efficiency. It stated in concrete terms the goods which the Russian system intended to deliver to its people in the next 20 years, and added, as a rider, the opinion that at the end of that time the Russians will so obviously be doing better than anyone else that the cold war will come to an automatic end. The peoples of the world will voluntarily choose Communism as the best available means for getting what they want out of life.

The plan, in fact, defines the nature of the contest in which the United States and Russia are involved and the goals which the Russians think they will have to meet to win it. It would seem to be obvious that it is vitally important for as many Americans as possible to have a full understanding of what the Russians intend to do and by when. If Americans are not aware of these aims and of the strong probability that they are well within Russian capability it is not likely that they will make any effective response to the challenge.

The *Times* editorial, with its misleading comparison, did all it could to see that its readers would not realise what was in question, but the remainder of the American press went much further. Most newspapers and radio and television news services gave the public summaries of the contents of the plan

which bore little resemblance to the original.

Even so they could not trust mere distortion and misrepresentation to do its work unaided. They had to label the contents of the bottle harmless into the bargain, describing the plan in such terms as "more of Khrush's brag and bluster" or "Khrush's pie-in-the-sky program".

The only possible conclusion to be drawn from all this is that the United States is too demoralised to deal with either the nature of the Russian threat or with the quality of the Russian leadership, in realistic terms. It prefers to think it is up against a comic-book villain who will slink away if stood up to in a manly fashion.

It would be nice if it were that simple, but saying it is so, no matter how often, will not make it so. All that can be done by the constant repetition of the comforting myth is to make sure that it is as difficult as possible for Americans to come to terms with reality and to get on with the job of modernising their obsolete social structure in readiness for the intense economic struggle which lies ahead.

A fine example of the United States' determination to live in its own private world of fantasy has been provided by the diplomatic victory it has won by standing firm in the face of Khrushchov's threats of war over Berlin and bringing the Russians to the conference table. Khrushchov's threats were not audible outside of the United States or by other than American ears.

On July 20 Willy Brandt, who should know, said there was nothing that he could recognise as a crisis in progress, and 10 days later Adlai Stevenson, returning from Europe, reported to the same effect. The brink-of-war crisis of the American press was not a part of the European picture.

It has, in fact, been obvious since the far-away days of the Berlin airlift that this was an issue on which the Russians would not fight. It should, after all, be remembered how the Western Allies got to Berlin in the first place.

When President Kennedy sounded his horn, like little boy blue, to rally the American people behind him to face the non-existent war threat, it was evident that he had forgotten the interesting circumstances. He claimed that the

United States and its allies were in Berlin by right of conquest.

As a matter of fact, largely because the U.S. Chiefs of Staff and President Roosevelt over-rode Churchill and the British soldiers, the Western Allies made no attempt to drive through to Berlin when the Germans began to collapse but ordered their troops to halt on the Elbe, on which line their natural rights as conquerors come to an end.

They are in Berlin by Russian invitation and for a simple reason. Ever since the end of the fighting the Russians have been working for a peace treaty in which the United States, Great Britain and France would take equal responsibility with Russia for the permanent division of Germany and for the post-war Polish frontier. This responsibility the United States has been determined to evade at all costs up to now, and it has so far done all it could to avoid even the preliminaries to making any such treaty.

The diplomatic triumph won by standing up to the Russians is not quite the glittering thing which the President's admirers would like to pretend. The United States has, by agreeing to negotiate, at last taken its first step along a road down which Russia has been trying to persuade it to move for the past 16 years. The triumph is in the nature of success as it is understood in the country Alice explored during her adventure through the looking glass.

The question which is bound to occur to anyone who makes a regular study of the channels by which Americans get their information, and of what passes through them, is a disturbing one. What future is there for a democracy which cannot face undoctored facts about its rivals or itself? It is not particularly reassuring that most Americans are shrewd enough to realise that very little of what they are told is true. This breeds cynicism and the inability to believe in anything.

A sociologist asking questions last year in Massachusetts, Kennedy's home state, found that more than 70 per cent of the people who were willing to talk to him believed that all politicians were corrupt, and almost all democratic institutions were to some extent fraudulent.

There are grounds for thinking that the real crisis is elsewhere than in Berlin.

Chess

by D. M. LeDain

THIS WEEK (Aug. 27-Sept. 6) the Canadian Championship (Closed) is being contested at the Manitonna Hotel, Brockville by a dozen selected experts from various parts of the country. Established at Toronto in 1873 it is the oldest in the Commonwealth and is now a biennial event alternating with the Canadian Open. Dan Abe Yanofsky, Winnipeg, is the defending title-holder.

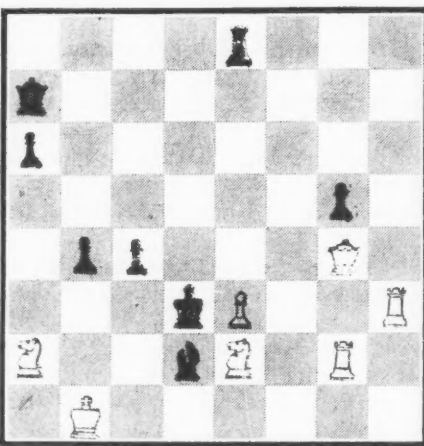
White: G. Berner (Toronto), Black: D. A. Yanofsky (Can. Champ., Wpg. 1953).
1.P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2.P-QB4, P-KKt3; 3.Kt-QB3, B-Kt2; 4.P-K4, Castles; 5.Kt-B3, P-Q3; 6.B-K2, P-K4; 7.Castles, Kt-B3; 8.P-Q5, Kt-K2; 9.Kt-K1, Kt-K1; 10.B-K3, P-KB4; 11.P-B3, P-B5; 12.B-B2, P-KKt4; 13.P-B5, R-B3; 14.PxP, PxP; 15.R-B1, R-R3; 16.Kt-Q3, Kt-B2; 17.R-K1, Q-K1; 18.B-B1, Q-R4; 19.P-KR3, Kt-Kt3; 20.Q-Q2, P-Kt5; 21.BPxP, BxP; 22.Kt-K2, Kt-K1; 23.K-R2, B-B3; 24.Kt-Kt1, B-Kt4; 25.R-B2, P-Kt3; 26.R(1)-B1, Kt-B3; 27.Q-

K1, R-KB1; 28.R-B4, P-B6; 29.B-K3, BxB; 30.QxB, BxP!; 31.QxR, Kt-Kt5ch!; 32.Re-signs.

Solution of Problem No. 277 (Guidelli), Key, 1.K-B7.

Problem No. 278 by M. Wrobel (1st Prize, Brit. Ch. Fed., 1958).

White mates in two moves. (7 + 8)



Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

THE LITTLE BAGS chinked as Uncle Jim transferred them from his brief case to the table. "What in the world have you got there?" asked Susan. "It sounds like money."

"Odd dimes and nickles that I've been accumulating for years. This seemed a good way of using them, as it's Ian's birthday tomorrow."

"But you can't give the kid all that," declared Susan. "We'd never accept it."

Uncle Jim smiled. "Let your old uncle explain," he told her. "There's exactly the same amount in every bag, as many dollars as there are bags. And I want you to give him a dollar for each year of his age tomorrow, and then a dollar for each year of age on every birthday in the future right up to the day when he's twenty-one. You'll save me a lot of trouble too."

"It's crazy, but you're a dear!" Susan laughed. "So you figured that out, with just the right money. Well, I guess we really can't refuse."

How old would Ian be next day?

Answer on Page 36. (160)

Enigma Variations

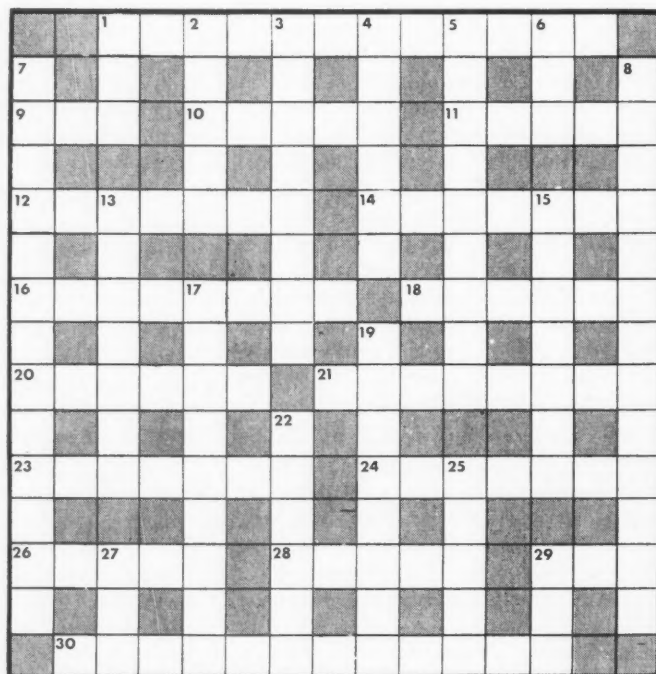
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

- 1 The baker's calendar? (4-8)
- 9 A groove we get into backing into the middle of 1A. (3)
- 10 Many a colonel has used it before making an explanation. (5)
- 11 Either way this will provide lodgings. (3, 2)
- 12 Is it after five or later that one will arrive? (7)
- 14 The coffee of the month. (7)
- 16 It's not enticing when half the score is missing. (8)
- 18 You may get the air if you try too hard. (6)
- 20 "Carols under that lagging, yellow, . . . moon!" (Whitman) (6)
- 21 This instrument indicates that Shylock, for example, was not dull. (4-4)
- 23 It's the clue, Doc, that looks different when close up. (7)
- 24 The mayor's body. (7)
- 26 Doing in Rome as the Romans do, Louis made a name for himself. (5)
- 28 It is to Iceland one must look for this philosopher. (5)
- 29 Conveyance one may get under backwards. (3)
- 30 Is the poor dog trying to, when chasing his tail? (4, 4, 4)

DOWN

- 1 It's a spot to look round. (3)
- 2 What stalks the mouse must be silent when going up to it. (5)
- 3 It takes fifty to complete a rotten anagram, so don't be impatient. (8)
- 4 Perhaps can rid one of a bad taste—and cause one, too. (6)
- 5 Waxing and 20 are these. (9)
- 6 What one does to a 1A looks different in the first part of it. (3)
- 7 According to Huxley, the Indian is still ahead of the U.S.A. (5, 3, 5)
- 8 A shining example of do-it-yourself, straight from a Pole's mouth? (4, 3, 6)
- 13 Your Majesty, your home is a hell of a place! (7)
- 15 The aria, Mac, sounds so different in the old Semitic language. (7)
- 17 Certainly not the First Lady in Solomon's household. (9)
- 19 Is the Russian getting angry at society? (3, 5)
- 22 The Zulu has than the Eskimo, we learn. (6)
- 25 He may be the husband of a crazy nut. (5)
- 27 I had a girl, but only briefly. (3)
- 29 Common rarebit? (3)



Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

- 1 Stocktaking
- 9 Baccarat
- 10 Pantry
- 11 Neil
- 12 Abets
- 13, 14 Guys and Dolls
- 15 Banana
- 16 Spread
- 19 Seashell

DOWN

- 22 Soup
- 23 Meals
- 24 Sang
- 25 Claret
- 26 Examined
- 27 Draft dodger
- 4 Totters
- 5 Kipps
- 6 Nonagon
- 7 Careen
- 8 Crayon
- 15 Brass band
- 17 Poodle
- 18 Emperor
- 19 Seaweed
- 20 Hostile
- 21 Lancer
- 23 Motif (527)

Ottawa Letter

by Raymond Rodgers

Rural Voters Rule the Nation

IN RECENT DECADES Canada has become a largely urban country, yet its political life still revolves very much around rural interests. The New Democratic Party's Hazen Argue sums this up by saying that "the farm vote is a major key to electoral success in Canada."

The matter could be put more bluntly: the farm vote is *the* major key to electoral success. The two and a half million men, women and children on our farms receive more loving attention from MPs than any other group of comparable size.

The latest official figures (1955) show that nearly eleven million Canadians live in urban-size communities of over 1,000; including more than six million who live in cities of over 100,000 people. Yet about half of the polling divisions in Canada are classified as rural.

The Toronto constituency of York-Scarborough, with one MP, consists of 112,628 registered voters; Queen's in P.E.I. sends *two* MPs to Ottawa, yet its registered voters only number 24,930. Another P.E.I. constituency, Kings, has exactly 9,956 registered voters!

Surely this is a situation calling for redistribution and, as the PM said on June 8 this year: "as the days go by this question of redistribution will, of course, loom larger and larger and assume greater and greater importance." The question is: will the PM want to do very much about it?

The fact of the matter seems to be that Diefenbaker's main support comes from the rural voter. Agriculture Minister Alvin Hamilton acknowledged this in a TV speech last March. First, he suggested that "from the years 1949 to 1959 the real wages of the industrial worker increased by 35 per cent while at the same time the real wages of our fellow Canadians on the farm went down by 21 per cent."

Then the Minister went on to say that "It was because of this deteriorating position of agriculture that nearly all the farm constituencies in Canada voted for the government led by John Diefenbaker in the last election. Rural

people felt that because John Diefenbaker had fought so hard in opposition for those who were not receiving a reasonably fair share of the national income that he would, as a government leader, make a real effort on their behalf".

This is why, although the newspapers play up "Tory protectionism", the House of Commons in fact spends more time discussing agriculture and related ruralities than any other topic. And it is surprising the number of topics—such as the perennial griping about CNR routes—which are directly related to ruralities.

Things have always been this way in Parliament—with unfortunate results—and it is not only Ottawa which bears witness to the rural stranglehold on our social and political culture. Seventy per cent of Ontario is urban yet it takes two urban votes to match one rural vote in the provincial legislature; in Quebec the Montreal area and Chambly riding contain 40 per cent of the electoral vote yet has only 17 seats in a 95-seat legislature; and in Alberta—now Canada's fastest growing province

—a rural assembly dominates a population almost half of which lives in the two cities of Edmonton and Calgary.

But something will have to give soon. For one thing, as our Agriculture Minister has said: "30 per cent of those presently engaged in agriculture are farming marginal and sub-marginal land". Mr. Hamilton's great dream is that they be able to stay on the land, and the land be turned over to woodlot production.

If anybody is to turn marginal farms over to forestry it will be either provincial agencies or wealthy gentlemen farmers. But, says Hamilton: "I am absolutely against that" and he still hopes to keep the family farm intact.

It's pretty clear that Hamilton's dream will turn out less rosy than he wishes. And there is only one place for those from one to three million farm and non-farm ruralites to go: into our towns and cities.

This, coupled with immigration and natural urban increases, will make not just Ontario but all of Canada three-quarters urban in the near future. When this happens, changes will simply have to come if Parliament is to represent the real character of our country.

At present, the largest single occupational group of MPs consists of farmers, small-town lawyers, and businessmen servicing the immediate or local needs of farmers. In our provincial legislatures — as the *Parliamentary Guide* reveals — university graduates are outnumbered by the less-educated. In Ottawa, while university graduates just predominate, the most common degrees are those of law and agricultural-science or economics.



Political terminology: "The balance of power".

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Consequently, many MPs admit to a lack of understanding about a wide range of the economic, international, cultural and other matters vitally affecting the growth and maturity of this country. It really is a wonder that we have a National Gallery, a Canada Council, and a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation at all.

Ruralites have a hard time accepting these institutions and — after wheat sales to China — they are only now beginning to see the value of “those striped-pants boys in External and Trade.”

The rural mentality might also explain why it is that the Government has never seen fit to subsidize a national theatre, opera, ballet, or philharmonic. Every obscure provincial capital in Europe — for example, Karlsruhe — has one or more of these — but not Canada. Indeed, a good argument can be put forward showing that Ottawa is the rural capital of a pseudo-rural country.

For one thing, the entire parliamentary season revolves around the needs of the farm — and the rural court-circuits which likewise are patterned on the needs of the farm. Some MPs were recently asked whether or not Parliament should sit year-round, with frequent four-day adjournments to enable members to mend political fences in

their home constituencies.

“To hell with political fences”, one MP replied, “I’m more worried about my farm fences.”

Even so, there is a definite trend towards acknowledging that rural life can no longer dominate the nation’s business. The pattern of the future seems to shape up this way:

First, MPs will come to regard their three or four years in parliament as a full-time (and better salaried) job. Second, apart from election time, fixed sittings may be introduced (November 1 to December 15, January 7 to March 21, April 7 to June 30). And third, MPs will represent predominantly urban and semi-urban constituencies.

Even without a major tampering with the present constituencies, it is clear that the 1961 census will result in rural losses in perhaps four provinces. Saskatchewan should lose four; Manitoba, Nova Scotia, and perhaps P.E.I., should lose one each. Ontario and B.C. would be the gainers.

Yet startling as it may seem, MPs are already talking about the desirability of introducing legislation to stop this possible loss in rural representation — particularly in the case of Saskatchewan, a province dear to the hearts of both Diefenbaker and Douglas. Such talk is utterly irresponsible to the rights of urban Canada.

A Minister Faces the Facts

“THERE IS, I suppose, no greater challenge—at least on the domestic front—than that posed by the growth and development of our cities. As mortgage bankers you are, of course, intimately associated with the building of the urban community. You share in its growth, you assist in its unfolding. Your good offices are required to finance much of the new construction that takes place.

“I need hardly remind you, then, of the tremendous population expansion that has occurred—and is occurring—in our communities. I understand that eight of 10 Americans reside in an urban setting; you may be surprised to know that two out of three Canadians live in a town or city.

“In our time, we have witnessed a remarkable shift in the balance between rural and urban populations. Both Canada and the United States are now predominantly urban countries and there is every prospect that they will become even more so in the future. In Canada, we feel sure that the proportion of city dwellers will

continue to increase and we know that the size and complexity of our towns and cities will grow as our population expands.

“We anticipate that by 1980 there will be twice as many people living in urban areas as there are today. I am certain that the same holds true for the United States.

“This sudden growth in urban population has already posed serious problems for municipal governments and these problems will become even more critical in the years ahead unless we take positive action now. You are well aware of the urgent need to restore and rebuild older parts of our cities, you know of the shortage of housing for low- and middle-income families that exists in most communities, of the waste of land and resources that has resulted from the sprawling character of much of our recent city development. All of us are familiar with these things—they are common to both our countries.”

From a speech by the Hon. David Walker, Minister of Public Works, to U.S. bankers, May 18, 1961.

London Letter

by Beverley Nichols

Constipation in the Theatre

THE AVERAGE CANADIAN would find it difficult to realize the bitter resentment aroused by Selwyn Lloyd's new budget. He has contrived to offend almost every section of the community — the man-in-the-street because of the fresh rise in beer and cigarette prices, the woman-in-the-street because of the increase in purchase tax on household goods, and the City because of the two per cent leap in the bank rate.

But he has done more than offend materially, he has offended morally. I can recall no single budget by any minister in any government that has been condemned so widely by left, right and centre because of its stark injustice.

Two examples will suffice. As a super-tax payer I was naturally pleased when, a few months ago, the level of super-tax was raised to £5,000 a year; at last, one felt, it might be possible to put by a few pennies for one's old age. But as a reasonably humane citizen I was appalled when Lloyd, with his policy of tighten-your-belts-till-it-hurts, left the lucky super-tax payers severely alone.

This tax concession had cost him £83 million, and it was the most obvious of all the measures that he should have rescinded. That he did not do so has given one the sensation of a first-class passenger in a sinking ship who is ushered to the life-boats while his wretched compatriots in the steerage are left to drown.

But the second example of his policy betrays an even more glaring injustice. Of all the sections in the community, with the possible exception of the clergy, the teachers are the most poorly paid. To meet their legitimate demands would have cost the Chancellor little more than a half of the amount he has banded to the super-tax payers, but he has stubbornly refused to budge an inch.

"Wage-freezing is my policy and wage-freezing it will be, with no cracks in the ice." That was the implication of his flustered retorts to his critics. And this at a time when we are told, *ad nauseam*, that we are desperately short of educated men and women in every field of industry!

But the ice is cracking, Lloyd or no Lloyd. In Britain today there are 140,-

000 more vacancies than the total of unemployed. With such a situation it is inconceivable that the unions can advocate a policy of wage-restraint, or — even if they did so — persuade the rank and file to adopt it.

After all, the rank and file read the



John Osborne: *A distressing complaint.*

newspapers, and they are fully aware of the fact that last year there was a 27 per cent increase in dividends. The frightening fact that these dividends were not earned by any increase in efficiency, in output, or in exports . . . well, that's a headache for the higher-ups. Its no concern of the British working man.

Speaking of headaches, yesterday I introduced a television feature in which the crises of 1961 were contrasted with those of 1931. Standing next to me in the studio was a distinguished serviceman who was taking part in the program. "I have just been talking to the PM", he said.

"How was he?"

"The PM said he had three headaches — Berlin, Africa and the economic situation. And he added . . . If only *one* of them was curable!"

One must be prepared for shocks, nowadays, in the London theatre, particularly in the small grimy temple of the *avant-garde*, the Royal Court theatre, where the audience is composed of an equal assortment of intellectuals, duchesses and beatniks. The latest shock has been provided by John Osborne, Britain's original Angry Young Man — a title that he has come to resent — in his new play about

Martin Luther, which might be subtitled "A Study in the Effects of Constipation on the Human Soul."

If you complain that such subjects should have no place in these chaste pages, don't blame me, blame Osborne. For the play abounds in discussions of this distressing complaint, and there is a repeated and uninhibited use of the word "constipation" itself, coupled with many kindred words, such as "anus" and "wind-breaking". All of which appears to be greatly relished by the aforesaid intellectuals, duchesses and beatniks.

Well . . . why not? *Luther* is a serious play — disjointed but written with a tense, sustained passion; its hero *was* constipated; and quite obviously the conflict between the aspirations of the soul and the ills of the flesh is legitimate material for any dramatist. Indeed, one wonders why it has not been more widely employed.

The history of the Tudors is not merely a record of political intrigue and religious strife; it is primarily a study in the ravages of syphilis. The graph of the decline in Napoleon's fortunes directly corresponds with the growth of his stomach ulcer. If we had the confidential reports of the medical attendants to the great, we should be obliged to revise a great many pages in the world's history.

Even the cold war might take a different turn if Khrushchov's doctor came over to the West and told us the secrets of his consulting room. It has often occurred to me that Mr. K. might be suffering from the same complaint as Luther.

Incidentally, remember the name of the young star who plays the lead — Albert Finney. Not a very promising background for a future Olivier-cum-Gielgud, as he almost certainly is. Born 25 years ago in the gloomy industrial North, son of a local bookmaker, educated at the local grammar-school, failed twice at the simplest exams. But lit with the fire of genius. Still a bit brash.

There was an embarrassing occasion, a little while ago when he walked up to the footlights in the middle of a play and delivered a homily to a restive audience. "I'm up here working", he shouted. "If you won't shut up, go home. If you don't . . . I'm going home." Endearing, but unprofessional. And it was a proof of his magnetism that nobody did go home, and that he proceeded to give one of the best performances of his career.

We really are an extraordinary people. In the midst of all this ferment of new ideas, with four letter words being used on the television — yes, it has come to that — with wind-breaking dramas drawing the aristocracy — with

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jazz-maniacs careering in orgies round the lawns of stately homes and being rounded up by the village police — with the priests of East London declaring that the number of men, particularly colored men, living on the immoral earnings of young women is at an all time high . . . in the midst of this Hogarthian spectacle, literary London suddenly gets all het up about 80-year-old P. G. Wodehouse. (I am assuming that "Plum" Wodehouse, as the creator of Jeeves, is among the immortals, and needs no further introduction.)

It began with a long article by Evelyn Waugh in the *Sunday Times* saying that it was high time that we forgave Plum for his indiscretion during the war.

In case you have forgotten, Plum was captured by the Germans during the invasion of France, and transported to Berlin — together with his wife and his Pekinese — where he was housed in a comfortable hotel, from which he proceeded to broadcast, in the English language, a series of light-hearted talks in which the Germans were portrayed, not as Huns with horns, but as human beings.

I was among the few who listened to these talks and they made my heart sink. Addressing the radio I said "My dear Plum, how can you be such an ass? Don't you know that we are at war and that therefore we are all a little mad? Can't you see what your British friends will say about all this when the war is over?"

Well, they said it, and they are going on saying it at the top of their voices, all over London. The famous Garrick Club is split into Plum and anti-Plum groups. The correspondence columns are afire. "He was a traitor, and he should be stoned if he ever sets foot on these shores." That is one school of thought. "He is a genius and should be crowned with laurels if he returns to his homeland." That is another.

And of course, both schools of thought are wrong. He was just an ass. A dear, misguided, up-in-the-clouds ass.

In his family, which I knew so well, there was a phrase called "The Wodehouse Glide". When Plum was bored by a party or by a show or by life in general, he glided out of it. He just disappeared, mysteriously, and communed with himself.

It was not a heroic procedure, and in war-time, no doubt, it was open to serious censure. But, knowing Plum, it was entirely comprehensible. It was not his job to add to the world's tears; his job was to make the world laugh. Which he did.

And now, in the words of the title of one of his masterpieces, I think that we might *Leave it to Jeeves*.

Books

by Kildare Dobbs



John Gunther: Without heavy bias.

Inside and Upside

precision of statement, e.g. he says of Adenauer, "He is, of course, a devout Roman Catholic . . ." and of Salazar, "Salazar is, of course, a devout Roman Catholic . . ." Why "of course"? One could understand if Gunther said it of the Pope.

Inside Europe Today is not a revision of Gunther's *Inside Europe* which was published all of 25 years ago, but a completely new survey. Gunther sometimes, however, quotes a passage (usually "atmospheric") from his earlier book, and an interesting sign of the times we live in is the fact that he so often quotes from his own *Inside Africa*. A book about Europe remains obstinately a book about the Cold War and so about the world.

There are rapid surveys of the political situation in Germany, West and East, ("the fiery heart of Europe") France and Algeria, the Benelux countries, Spain and Portugal, Italy, Austria, England ("the most important country"), Scandinavia, Satellites and The Soviet Sector of Berlin. These are augmented by a number of special studies: profiles of Adenauer, de Gaulle, Franco, Salazar, Macmillan and Khrushchev, and articles on such subjects as The Establishment in Britain, Defence and Nuclear Disarmament, NATO and the Common Market.

No new insights are hazarded, but Gunther's virtue is to present what he has discovered without a heavy bias in favor of the United States or even in favor of the West. For this reason alone, his book would be worth reading.

He finds de Gaulle proud and aloof, Macmillan modest and shrewd, Khrushchev "a peasant—cunning, tenacious, glib, impertinent, proud—always so proud!—with a gift for coarse repartee and wearing chips on his shoulders as big as epaulets." He ventures a prophecy: there will be no war; the Russians don't want it, the West doesn't want it. All of us hope he is right.

William Sansom's *Blue Skies, Brown*

Studies is a book about another sort of Europe altogether, not the cutwater of history but the nurse of pleasure. He writes in a style which to some readers will appear to be Style and his book is really a collection of essays, elegantly turned and charmingly illustrated with carefully chosen photographs. He gives the impression, to adapt a phrase of Northrop Frye's, of writing like a writer writing about writing.

In his first essay, ominously titled "From A Writer's Notebook", he quotes with evident self-satisfaction from his own random jottings (to use what I suppose is the correct cliché): "Greenland white, and Iceland green! The general unfairness of things." And, "She wouldn't hurt a fly." And a moth? Or again, "The polar bear's liver is poisonous to us—too much Vitamin A."

This is the sort of thing that gets the personal essay a bad name.

Other chapters are about Capri (of course!) St. Tropez, the siesta in Spain, the Cote D'Azur, Vienna. There is some familiar exclaiming about food—in, it goes, I think, without saying (but I say it nevertheless), France. Let William Sansom speak for himself:

"And so we cross over from the light pink-and-white world of fish to the red velvet darkness of meat and night-shade wine. The entrecote of its nature has more fibre than fillet—but our patronne is right, a much juicier and thicker taste. The sauce—how can one describe a sauce?"

Wait for it, ladies and gentlemen—no need to try to read the label on your bottle of Lee and Perrins. Here is how it's done.

"Rich, reflecting the meat, adding to the meat—it seems to make each mouthful into a hall of reflecting mirrors: taste does not end with a bite, but repeats itself round the palate a hundred times. Yet it feels fresh: and it is fresh. Like the side-plates of vegetables—green peas, French beans, small

WESTWARD, as good Bishop Berkeley said it would, the course of empire has taken its way. Yet the cutwater of history is still Europe: what happens there is probably more important to all of us than what happens anywhere else.

And, to North Americans, Europe is something else again: a place where young women go to lose their chastity gracefully, where widows go to consume their husbands' life-insurance graciously, where men go to find young women and widows anxious to do these things, and if possible to help them.

Like Bishop Berkeley I am Irish and so know very little about Europe; Ireland being the next parish to America with its back turned to the Continent, and the Irish being more insular even than the English or the Japanese. I have a kinsman in the province of Leinster who says the wogs begin at Holyhead.

I read John Gunther's *Inside Europe Today* with some interest, not at all surprised to find Ireland missing from its index. It's a newspaperman's view of Britain and the Continent which shows very well the sort of things newspapermen see: politics and politicians, rough statistics and the outward face of cities.

Like all Gunther's *Inside* books it is as up-to-date as a book can be, which means it will very quickly be out of date, and it bears the signs of frantic haste in composition. Gunther's sloppy conversational style makes all his judgments approximate: there is no time for

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steamed potatoes, each freshly picked from the garden within a few hours, so that nothing whatsoever is lost of the vitamin and mineral goodness which otherwise, overnight in the market, would have disappeared." Golly!

Such passages remind me of a certain chain of restaurants in Toronto (not exactly the gastronomic centre of the western world), the copy on whose menus is so maddeningly exciting and the food when it arrives so uniformly without taste, odor or texture that the thing to do is to drop in and read the menu—and then go home and eat. Sansom could even learn from these people, whose salads are always "garden-fresh", whose eggs are "plump, farm-fresh" and whose chickens are "succulent, milkfed" etc.

Two chapters I quite enjoyed are on Palladian architecture and London, though the latter is disfigured by baroque writing, e.g. "The pub is a large and limited and esoteric consolation." I had always thought of a pub as a place where you could go and drink a beer in fairly un-esoteric company.

Sansom's sort of writing results from a bad habit of reading too much Pascal and La Rochefoucauld and then sitting down at a desk and thinking up maxims: "profound untruths" as Anthony West has called them, "uttered with an air of authority." "Life is . . ." the writer writes, biting his pen, and then wrinkles up his brow in an effort to recall just what "life" can strikingly be compared to. And of course it must not be anything the reader could possibly expect it to be.

The element in a personal essay which makes it attractive or not is the personal one. An essay should reveal the person who writes it, since its true object is self-discovery through self-revelation. Sansom withholds himself: he is not so much discreet or modest as wanting in candor. He strikes poses—in particular the pose of the sensitive writer—and he consequently strikes us as merely affected, and sometimes rather silly.

Sitting in a bar in Capri, he tells us, "I just *wouldn't* talk to anyone. I sat forwards at the bar, refusing to look to either side, staring down evilly at a plate of olives." He becomes aware of someone beside him and after a while begins to talk to him or her, still without looking. There is no answer. When at last he looks, he finds he is sitting next to a wolf who is just being served a martini.

And serve him right, I say.

Inside Europe Today, by John Gunther—*Musson*—\$4.95.

Blue Skies, Brown Studies, by William Sansom—*Clarke, Irwin*—\$5.50.

The Unnecessary War

HISTORY REPEATS itself so often because those who help to make it never have enough time to study the mistakes of their predecessors. Such, at any rate, is the view of A. J. P. Taylor, a prominent Oxford historian who has taken up the cause of Hitler in a perverse and brilliant new book called *The Origins of the Second World War*.

Taylor's main thesis is that "the Second World War was, in large part, a repeat performance of the First" and that it happened through a process of drift in which "every statesman failed . . . Though many were guilty, none were innocent".

With deft strokes Taylor outlines the stupidity of the Versailles treaty, the inertia of the French and British statesmen as they saw it being deliberately subverted by Hitler, and their incapacity to appreciate just how Russia and the United States could be asked to take an active role in the safeguarding of peace. As Taylor says:

"The rulers of Europe behaved as though they were living in the centre of the world. European destinies were resolved in a closed circle. Negotiations for peace were confined, almost entirely, to the strictly European powers. War when it came was to be a European war."

But having determined this, the statesmen (if one can use the term of such people as Beck of Poland, Chamberlain and Baldwin of Britain, Daladier and Bonnet of France) then chose to give up to Hitler the only places where they could hope to fight him on anything like equal terms.

Having withdrawn from the Rhine, from Austria, from Czechoslovakia and given in over Abyssinia and Spain they chose to go to war over Danzig—the one place where Hitler had more of a case than in any of the other disputes and which was so placed geographically that no military help could have been given even if the Allies had been prepared.

From the Versailles treaty onwards, Taylor shows that the Allies got what they asked for. And, in the enthusiasm of his hindsight, he even goes so far as to claim that Hitler was not set on conquering Europe but was forced into it by the British and French.

Oxford is the home of lost causes. But I had not thought that a cause so forlorn as Hitler's would be taken up there so strongly. Yet for all its perversity the view does offer new insights, especially at a time when the West is getting itself into the same box with Berlin as it did with Danzig. A.E.

The Origins of the Second World War, by A. J. P. Taylor—*Hamish Hamilton*—\$5.50.

Films

by Mary Lowrey Ross

The Iridescence of Decay

ONE SITS THROUGH the Italian film *La Dolce Vita* as one might through the awful homiletics of some fire-and-brimstone evangelist, who offers every prospect of hell and very little hope of salvation.

Is the prophet—in this case, director-writer Federico Fellini—less concerned with salvation than with mortal sin? Is the reverse side of his abhorrence simply an itching delight in sensationalism?

Perhaps; but these doubts aren't likely to occur till after the sermon is over. Meanwhile, the preacher's style, under all the rhetoric, is so sure, and his flights into cinematic poetry so dazzling that one doesn't inquire where the message leads, or if it has any meaning at all.

It goes on for three hours. "I am reminded of an incident," Fellini seems to be saying in preacherly fashion; and he then develops and invents till the sequence becomes an exercise in sheer virtuosity. There are almost a dozen episodes in *La Dolce Vita*, all linked by the continuous presence and authority of the hero, a third-rate journalist (Marcello Mastroianni), as he makes his progress through the heights, which are also the depths, of modern Roman society.

Fellini's intention is obviously apocalyptic, and he is almost as much addicted to symbolism as St. John in the Book of Revelations from which the theme of *La Dolce Vita* appears to derive. The opening sequence reveals a dangling giant-sized statue of Christ which is being transferred across Rome by helicopter. It sways across the city and its shadow falls on a group of rooftop sunbathers, clad in the scantiest of bikinis and far more interested in the helicopter's pilot and press passengers than in the image floating above them.

The picture ends when the celebrants at a midnight saturnalia drift out from the seaside villa to the shore, there to stare in horror at a monstrous devil-fish dredged up from the sea, the Beast of Revelation itself. The apocalyptic warning can hardly be missed. But in the meantime the message that human

society is corrupt beyond salvation has been so thoroughly exploited that it hardly needs these thumping archetypes to emphasize it.

Apart from the pulpit-thundering, the fancy symbolism and a number of sequences expressly designed and prolonged to shock the audience right out of its seat, *La Dolce Vita* has a great many lovely and memorable things to offer. Unlike most salvationists, Fellini has an acutely perceptive eye for the finer shades between good and evil.

His prostitutes may be degraded, but they have their moments of courtesy and grace. The relationship between father and son (Mastroianni and Annibale Ninchi) may be cynical, but it is troubled by regrets and loneliness of spirit. The hero behaves shabbily to his mistress (Yvonne Furneaux) but it is the shattering of a stubborn ideal that destroys him in the end.

By contrast Steiner (Alain Cuny), the intellectual and humanist who tries to save the hero, is himself a hollow man, and perhaps something of a fraud. Altogether this is as sharp a study in human behavior as you are likely to find anywhere on the screen. If it is profoundly depressing it is because it is so constantly lit, like some landscape in hell, by the flash of ironic intelligence and insight.

Visually *La Dolce Vita* is an excitingly beautiful film, and so are most of the people in it. In fact it is hard to imagine why the hero should have bothered wasting a day and night on

the bouncing Hollywood star, played by Anita Ekberg, when he could, apparently, have had his pick among the fine-drawn ladies of Rome.

Fellini here seems to equate vice almost exclusively with sex and elegance—his prostitutes are capable of pity and grace apart from the accommodations of their profession, but his great ladies are utterly corrupt. The point may be debatable but he could hardly have chosen better material for the demonstration.

He exploits it knowingly, particularly in a long recession, following a midnight orgy at the villa of a Roman Prince. Dressed for the most part in sweeping costumes that combine mediaevalism with outrageous chic, the party appears to float down a long, tree-lined avenue towards the dawn, with an effect of pure abstraction that is a triumph over the literalism of the camera.

Conceivably, Fellini set out to produce an exposé—every separate sequence here is said to be based on some specific Roman scandal of the past decade—and found himself more and more deeply involved as he went along in a study of the iridescence of decay. From the point of view of sheer sensationalism, he could hardly have succeeded better on either count.

The film is revolting and fascinating in just about equal parts, and so long as he doesn't protract his periods of saturnalia beyond reason, or even interest, a large part of the fascination, it must be admitted, lies in the shuddering revulsion. If the final effect is utterly dispiriting, however, it is because the promise of innocence is produced, then ruthlessly extinguished. Fellini's human society is worse than merely vicious; it is without, and beyond, hope.

With the exception of Anita Ekberg, most of the Italian players are unfamiliar. They are, however, almost without exception, a remarkable group. From now on Mastroianni, Yvonne Furneaux, and Anouk Aimeé (cast here as a nymphomaniac member of café society) should be names to watch.



Faces of evil: Marcello and his playmates watch a strip-tease.

The Toronto Exchange Mends Its Ways

by R. M. Baiden

SINCE THE FIRST of this year, the Toronto Stock Exchange has operated under a full-time president appointed expressly to raise the ethical operating practices of the Exchange and win the confidence of investors. As an innovation, this was a move long overdue; as a demonstration of a more enlightened Exchange policy it has been laudable. But there are clear indications that not all segments of the brokerage fraternity share the Exchange's newly-demonstrated concern for public approbation.

This, of course, is entirely understandable. The Exchange did not move to appoint Lt.-Gen. Howard D. Graham—former Chief of the General Staff of the Canadian Army and an administrator of impeccable repute—to the presidency entirely of its own volition. It was pushed, somewhat unwillingly, by the Ontario government in response to widespread public criticism initiated by SATURDAY NIGHT's analysis of Exchange operations (How Stock Promoters Rob the Public, Feb. 5, 1960). Then, as now, there was a significant body of brokerage opinion which held that the public had no right to question the workings of the marketplace. ("You got us into politics", was the bitter complaint of one Toronto broker at the time.)

But when it was made entirely clear that the public did have a right to expect better treatment from the Exchange than it had been receiving, the Exchange—and its members—chose the wisest course. It brought in a man of the highest repute and gave him full executive authority. It did not opt for a "face-saver"—a PR president who would merely put a good face on a bad situation. And Graham has left no doubt that he will use those powers to the full for he is convinced that the Exchange must demonstrate that it deserves public support.

"Some members think I'm a pretty tough egg—and that's a good thing. I have certain principles and I'm going to stick by them," Graham says.

Enforcement of his principles is not the only area wherein Graham has demonstrated toughness. He has won admiration for his tough-mindedness as an administrator and for his ability to grasp intricate, technical market problems.

It is, of course, too early to forecast the ultimate effect of Graham's principles upon the Exchange. Eight months is much too short a time for anyone to understand fully the operation of the stock market in the way which Graham must. The measures which he has already instigated attest to his determination to improve the operation of the Exchange in line with the public interest—and he has the staff necessary to implement this determination.

Still, it would be foolish—not to mention naive—to suppose that there has been a complete and permanent conversion on the part of all brokers to the principle that the Exchange and its members are accountable to the public. Again, as Graham himself insists, he has not changed the policy of the Exchange. He was not brought in to change policy; he was brought in to implement a policy upon which the Exchange's Board of Governors had decided (with the urging of the Ontario government).

As president, however, Graham has a seat on the Board and does have a voice in policy. So far, he has in fact been responsible for Exchange policy as it appears to the outside observer.

It is this somewhat curious ambivalence of function which suggests difficulties for Graham. He is in a tricky position. Brought in both to improve the Exchange and to blunt the growing agitation for direct government intervention in its operation, he must, in the final resort, carry out the instructions of the Board of Governors.

To paraphrase an idiom of diplomacy, the Board—and the member brokers they represent—have no permanent alliances with the public weal, only permanent interests in running a profitable operation. While it may be true that in the long run the two are identical, the long run doesn't pay for commissions, salaries or holidays in Florida.

This is not to suggest that all brokers are always jumping for the fastest dollar. Manifestly, this is not true. But it is to suggest that there have been many times—and will be more—when equation of the public good with the good of the industry will appear

to some brokers to be sanctimonious sophistry.

In the membership of the Exchange, for which the Board speaks, Graham is dealing with some 100 of Canada's most influential and pampered prima donnas. The Exchange is their operation. They have been accustomed to running it for their own benefit. They turn to it in time of trouble; its highly-skilled professional staff exists to fill their needs. To expect a major change in this relationship virtually overnight is surely irrational.

And, the fact is that recent events indicate that there still is a good deal of cynicism about the notion of public responsibility. The recent uproar concerning Ventures Ltd. and Falconbridge Nickel Mines Ltd. is a case in point. Here, when stock market action and accompanying rumor suggested the possibility of a merger, Ventures issued a statement that was widely interpreted as a denial of any merger plans. Three days later merger plans were announced.

The market action of Ventures, Falconbridge and McIntyre Porcupine Mines Ltd., which controls Ventures which, in turn, controls Falconbridge, suggested that persons with inside information of merger plans could have profited inordinately. Ventures' statement ("The directors of none of the three companies have yet considered any concrete proposal nor is there presently any such proposal prepared to go before any board.") followed rapidly by the announcement, did nothing to allay this suspicion.

Of course, legally there's nothing wrong with insiders taking profits. In Canada—as opposed to U.S. law—company officers are not even required to disclose their trading in the stock of the employer company. But still, it's difficult to square the concept of public responsibility with the sort of shenanigans that appear to have gone on in the Ventures deal. Again, if this sort of practice is countenanced by three big international mining companies with representatives of prominent brokerage firms on their boards, it becomes difficult to expect much else from smaller, less secure operators.

To its credit, the Exchange reacted quickly, first by launching an investi-

ation into trading in the stock of the three companies involved and then by suspending trading in Ventures for 10 days.

Undoubtedly, one reason the Exchange moved so quickly was that the Ventures affair struck at the root of Graham's whole approach to the Exchange. He believes it is imperative that more Canadians be introduced to stock ownership. Whatever the Exchange's investigation of the Ventures' incident uncovers, it will be more difficult than ever to convince some potential investors that the Toronto Exchange is anything more than a casino.

Graham is well aware of this view of the Toronto market and has already set up committees to study various aspects of the Exchange's operation. In particular, the investigation of trading practices on the floor of the Exchange looks promising. By and large this committee is to determine just how much of an open auction market—for the public—the Exchange provides. There has long been a suspicion that sharp practices were not uncommon.

There have been periodic complaints of customers paying more for a stock than the official high for the day and being sold out at below the official low for the day. Again, Graham wants to find out more about clipping—acting as both a principal and an agent in selling stock. Another area that needs exploring is the prevalence of floor traders buying on their own account to affect the price at which a client buys or sells.

A second committee, working with the Montreal Stock Exchange, is investigating block sales—large transfers of stock of listed issues made outside the Exchange. The theory here is that in some relatively thinly-distributed issues a large block of stock appearing suddenly would distort the market unrealistically. The solution, with the consent of the Exchange in the past, has been to deal such blocks "off the board". Graham feels now, however, that the practice is being exploited.

Coincident with these investigations and the reforms they will undoubtedly bring about, is Graham's espousal of instalment buying of stocks. This he sees as the most effective single device to encourage new, small investors into the market.

This, he emphasizes, is not to be confused with credit buying. In Toronto's plan the prospective investor doesn't sign up for a batch of stock and then pay for it. He pays a fixed amount every month and stock is bought for his account with that money. This, of course, is a form of dollar-averaging practised by many in investment clubs. The difficulties which the Toronto exchange has not yet

entirely overcome, however, involve odd-lot transactions and accounting problems.

Attracting new investors into the market, while praiseworthy under ideal circumstances, obviously involves considerable risk under present conditions. The first risk, of course, is that they may be exploited by "the street". The second is that they may become the victims of their own greed.

In the past, the Exchange has maintained that there was little that it could do to protect a person from his own cupidity. Graham, however, insists the brokerage industry—not just the Exchange—must work out safeguards. In an address to the 54th convention of the North American Securities Administration in Seattle, August 10, he said:

"... In imposing and enforcing regulations which will protect the investor from not only the unscrupulous promoter but also from the investor's own greed, we feel that we have had much success—and hope for more and continuing success—in channelling risk capital into enterprises which have some possibility of becoming profitable operations.

"We in the industry, of course, have a further responsibility to the customer or the client. He is entitled to honest advice and wise counselling; his welfare and his interests are paramount; they take priority over the broker's desire for a commission or a sale of some stock in which he may be interested. Some investors should be advised against—yes, urged against—a speculative venture; the broker may lose a sale at the moment, but, in the long term, increased confidence in the industry will be developed."

No outsider could quarrel with this. But it is somewhat dismaying to think that—even now—the industry needs to have its responsibilities spelled out for it.

However dismaying this need may seem to outside observers, the fact is that it still exists. Two recent moves to tighten the regulation of the industry point this up.

The first of these was a crackdown last March by the Exchange on "boiler room" selling concerns affiliated with Exchange members. In a letter to Exchange members, Eric D. Scott, board chairman, said:

"The Board of this Exchange has been watching with growing misgivings the activities of some members of the Broker-Dealers' Association. The principal cause of this concern is the marketing and promotion in foreign jurisdictions by some members of the Broker-Dealers' Association of speculative securities which have not been qualified in those jurisdictions in accord-

ance with applicable law.

"Some of these members have used extravagant promotional literature and telephone selling as aides in marketing these securities. Inevitably, such practices bring disrepute on the entire financial community in Canada and prejudice greatly the orderly raising of capital for the development of this country..."

The letter then went on to suggest that the Exchange would require those houses which were members both of the Exchange and the BDA to withdraw from the BDA if the Association did not clean house. The big stick here was that although the Exchange-affiliated houses comprised only 34 of the BDA's membership of 112, they were by far the largest members and provided the financial backing of the BDA. After some outraged shrieks of unwarranted interference, the BDA quietly went about reforming.

The second crackdown was initiated by the Ontario Securities Commission and it struck at behind-the-scenes promoters. In its March Bulletin, the Commission announced that from June 1 on an underwriter, optionee, sub-underwriter or sub-optionee who is not registered to trade as a principal must apply for non-member broker-dealer non-trading registration. In its announcement of the change, the Commission said:

"The Commission has for some time considered that a more effective control should be provided in the case of underwriters of promotional issues in the face of evidence indicating that non-registrants were exerting an influence prejudicial to the best interests of the mining and securities industries."

Finally, a recent decision by the Supreme Court of Canada has clarified one of the fundamental—but troublesome—areas of stock policing. The Court ruled that Canadian brokers who sell into foreign jurisdiction must be licenced in the jurisdiction where they are domiciled.

The ruling resulted from a case in which Gregory and Co., a Montreal firm which sold mainly into the U.S. by telephone, contended that it did not need a licence under the Quebec Securities Act. Gregory's argument was that the federal government has exclusive jurisdiction, under the British North American Act, over trade and commerce which extends beyond provincial borders.

In the unanimous view of the Supreme Court, however, securities legislation is social legislation designed to protect the investing public wherever located. Surely there can no longer be any doubt of what is required of the securities industry: social conscience, integrity and—above all—honesty.

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Gold & Dross

Canadian Tire

Three questions re Canadian Tire. What is the present value of \$1,000 invested in this stock in 1945 when then reviewed by G & D? What are the comparative merits of the A and common shares at recent prices? How do the shares compare with Imperial Oil for capital-gain possibilities over the next five years? — O. S., Toronto.

Since Canadian Tire common was selling at approximately \$20 a share when reviewed in 1945, \$1,000 would have purchased 50 shares. The stock was subdivided in 1960 into three class A and two common, both of which have recently sold at \$50, which is the equivalent of \$250 for the old common. The buyer of the latter at \$20 would have enjoyed a 12½-fold increase in capital.

The A and common shares are for immediate practical purposes the same thing. They participate equally in profits, but the A has no voting power. Since control of the common seems to rest solidly in one group, the voting power attached to the common does not lend it additional attractions at this time. But the possibility of the common sometime becoming more valuable because of its voting power cannot be entirely dismissed. It should sell for a little more than the A, and usually does.

Canadian Tire hardly lends itself to a comparison with Imperial Oil because of the latter's giant size. Investors are prone to compare stocks on a price basis without taking into account the relative market capitalizations. It is, however, not out of place to comment upon some aspects of the two companies' operations.

Imperial Oil is Canada's largest integrated oil company, being controlled by Standard Oil of New Jersey. It owns oil wells, refineries, service stations, etc., and is favorably situated to capitalize the anticipated growth of the petroleum industry in Canada.

Canadian Tire bowed in the early days of the automobile as a tire and accessories merchandiser, and has since expanded into camping, home workshop-equipment, and related lines. It operates through its own and franchised stores. The company has displayed startling originality in its methods of

merchandising and administration, the effect of which is apparent in a seven-fold increase in net profits from 1946 to 1960.

Latterly it has opened some service stations, and here again demonstrated the capacity for originality and new concepts of a division of labor which have characterized its other operations. Further expansion in service stations is not difficult to envision.

The old-line oil companies, which Imperial typifies, have expanded along the specialized lines of retailing gasoline, oil and a limited number of appliances, and servicing cars. Merchandising students are, however, commencing to wonder how long it will take the oil companies to capitalize the opportunity for selling other goods which the service station provides.

The public is shopping largely by motor car and it is said by some that the service station has more people drive to it every day than any other type of retail outlet with the exception of the grocery market. With the narrowing gap between costs and selling prices, it would be logical for the service station to add more lines.

Alberta Distillers

Two years ago I purchased 2,500 shares Alberta Distillers. To date I have had no information regarding the movement of this stock. Has it disappeared altogether or is it perhaps just moving slowly? If so, how slowly? — A. E., Toronto.

Alberta Distillers is listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange, but does not appear to be an active trader. The company's fiscal year ends May 31 and since the annual report for the year ended May 31, 1960 was published in August, 1960 there have been only a few small news items on the company, mainly in connection with its quarterly earnings.

For the nine months ended February 28, 1961 net increased to \$277,790 from \$151,778 in the like period of the previous year, reflecting increasing sales in the U.S. plus a reducing premium on the Canadian dollar. The improvement also reversed the trend for the year ended May 31, 1960 when net dipped to \$362,264 or 10.1 cents a share from \$596,156 or 16.6 cents a



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share the previous year. Sales were \$4.8 and \$4.7 million respectively.

The decline in profits was the result of higher taxes, which pyramided provincial markups, encouraging buyers of liquor to seek lower-priced goods. Alberta Distillers has sought to offset this by increased advertising and sales promotion. The U.S. market is important to the company but opportunities in Canada are not being neglected.

The company is a relatively small unit in its industry, but appears to be well established.

Pipe Line Prospects

I regularly find recommendations in your columns for the sound investment value of Interprovincial and Trans Mountain Pipe Lines common stock, but rarely for Trans Canada Pipelines. What is your opinion of Trans Canada as compared to the other two?—M. C., London.

Trans Canada Pipe Lines appears to be a reasonable speculation now that the enthusiasm which followed its public issuance has had a chance to be seasoned.

Comparisons between various issues are usually avoided since a boost for one is a knock for those not recommended, but one can say that Interprovincial is the class of the group. Trans Mountain's fortunes are considerably dependent upon ocean shipping. When this is scarce, rates for transporting oil from overseas to the Pacific Coast advance and Trans Mountain petroleum moves in, and vice versa. One would have to be pretty nimble or lucky to trade this one without a corps of correspondents to advise on world shipping.

Frobisher

I would appreciate an opinion on Frobisher. — H. W., Vancouver.

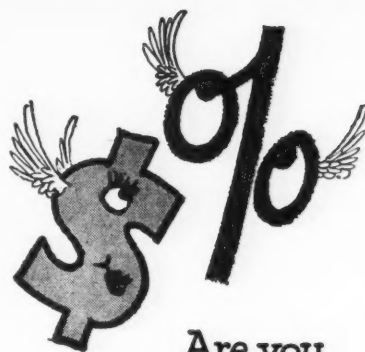
The Frobisher company as now constituted came into being June 28, 1960, following sale of substantially all assets and liabilities to Ventures Limited on the basis of one share of Ventures for each 13 shares of Frobisher. Assets excluded from the sale were:

1. Exclusive oil exploration and exploitation rights over large concession areas: approximately five million acres in Kenya, and 47 million acres in the Somali Republic of East Africa.

2. The sum of \$250,000 in cash.

Cash had been reduced by the end of 1960 to about \$100,000 as a result of exploration and administration costs.

Work commitments are substantial and expenditures must be large if the



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Africa concessions are to be maintained in good standing. Frobisher policy must be to endeavour to interest major oil companies in participating in the exploration of the concessions. It is impossible to assess the chance of attracting support without facilities for checking situations outside the country.

Can-Met. & Zenmac

I understand that Dennison has taken over Can-Met. Can you tell me if there was any change of stock or rights for the shareholders? What is future of this takeover? Also, can you give me the latest on Zenmac? Should I hold or sell and take my losses now? — C. J., Cornwall.

Can-Met Explorations merged with Consolidated Denison to form Denison Mines Ltd., and Can-Met shareholders received one new for 200 old, although some of them gagged on the settlement. The future of the merged company is dependent on developments in the uranium industry, outlook for which at this time is obscure, although over the longer term uranium mining might be profitable.

Zenmac is a bet on the possibility of a recovery in zinc prices. It is said the property could be operated profitably at 14-cent metal. The recent price is two cents or more below that level.

Aluminum Growth

What is the best Canadian vehicle to board now in order to share in the growth of the aluminum industry? Main interest capital gain. From the standpoint of value return over the next 10 years, would you recommend a strong integrated oil company such as B.A. or Imperial over the prospects of a fast-growing, natural gas distributor, such as NONG or Greater Winnipeg Natural Gas, or Consumers Gas? Why so? — I. R., Fort William.

There are two main vehicles for participating in the Canadian primary aluminum industry: Aluminium and Canadian-British. The latter has not the size of Aluminium, nonetheless has certain elements which suggest a good growth potential, and commends itself to those who can afford to sacrifice income for growth possibilities.

The integrated oil might earn the preference. But also consider Greater Winnipeg and its smaller running mate, InterCity Gas, distributing in Manitoba centres. This equity has not shared in the general advance in Canadian equities, yet there seem to have been increases in the value back of it.

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Mutual Promises

A mutual fund salesman promises an investment in his fund will pay 18% per year. What is your comment? — F. A., St. Catharines.

Mutual-fund companies have operated largely in advancing markets and some may have attained an average combined appreciation and income rate of 18%. It is, however, any one's guess as to where the market is going from here.

If it declines, the only way a fund could show more than ordinary income would be to be short of the market, and so far we have heard of no Canadian funds taking the professional-bear side. If it advances, the funds should do at least as well on the average as the market as a whole.

Fundy Bay Copper

Three years ago I purchased some Fundy Bay Copper stock, and have read recently that the company had prospects of finding tin on its claims. I would appreciate your comments. — S. D., Victoria.

Fundy Bay has a variety of exploration interests: in Chibougamau, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Chibougamau is copper country, while the Nova Scotia property was acquired for its gold chances. Surface work on the latter was planned for 1961.

The New Brunswick property is the one for which tin chances were discussed, being located in the Mt. Pleasant area and being acquired jointly with Lucky Lake Mines. Preliminary exploration was planned. There are no tin mines in Canada, although exploration has occasionally turned up some hopes.

In Brief

Should Westeel bought higher up be held? — L. T., Lethbridge.

While Westeel is speculative, it could be retained by any one in a position to assume some risk.

What happened to Silco Mines Ltd? — E. T., Weston.

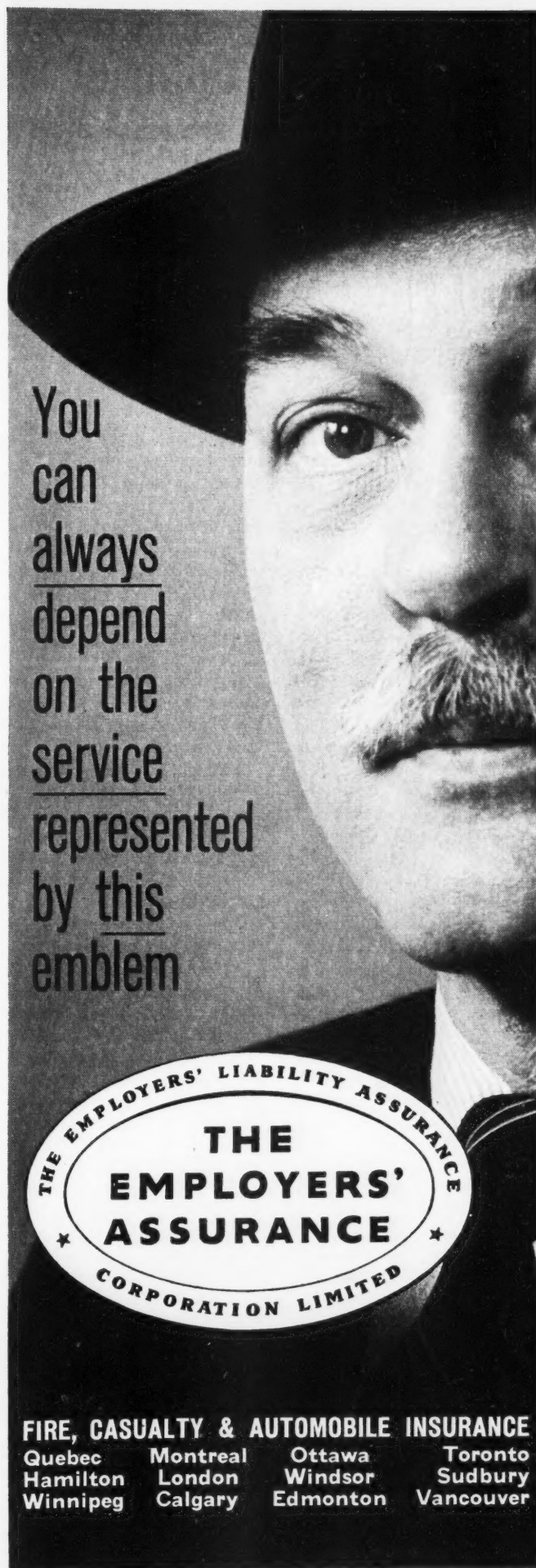
Consolidated into Nu-Silco Mines Ltd., basis one new for three old. Nu-Silco plans further work; stock is not listed.

Is Central Malartic still in existence? — A. E., Oshawa.

Charter appears to have been cancelled in 1959.

Would like to know the status of Society Girl Mining Co. Ltd.? — F. J., Winnipeg.

Dissolved by B.C. government in 1942.



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Point of View

Let's Abolish the Crown in Canada

by Stuart G. MacKinnon

IN THE COURSE of her constitutional development over the next few years, Canada should rid herself of the Monarchy and establish a form of state more in keeping with her national integrity.

It is a startling thought that in the midst of the twentieth century, Canada, a sovereign nation nearing its centenary, is still clinging to the vestiges of its ties with the "Mother Country". There isn't another independent country in the Western Hemisphere that has this antiquated form of government.

It is time that we erased one of the last traces of subservience to Great Britain. Canada should be a republic with a Head of State chosen by Canadians in form as well as in fact.

"But it is only a form," say the Monarchists, "a harmless link with the past which does not in the least detract from the democratic process, and which indeed gives meaning and cohesion where there would otherwise be dissension and strife, perhaps leading to the dissolution of the Commonwealth and of Canada itself."

If it is not worth having except as a formality, why bother with it at all? This carry-over from another age has great significance in the United Kingdom, but this is hardly relevant in a Canadian context, where there has never been a resident Monarch, an aristocracy, or a supporting class system.

Becoming a republic does not mean that we must adopt the American system and combine the offices of Head of State and Head of Government. Indeed, there is much to be said for having a symbol of unity above the strife of party and faction. Most modern states have recognized this fact.

However, why must the Crown of England be our symbol of national unity? Why not a truly Canadian symbol? We should have a Canadian appointed or elected as Head of State, one chosen not by the Monarch on the advice of the Canadian Governor-in-

Council, but by the Canadian people or their representatives.

The proposal to form a republic along these lines can hardly be considered revolutionary. It has been done before many times and several states today have this form of government. (West Germany and India, for example.) Nor would it materially affect our system of democracy. The Rule of Law would still be observed; cabinet government and responsibility to Parliament would remain unchanged, and the administration of justice would go on as before.

Republican status is obviously no bar to full membership in the Commonwealth, nor does it necessarily weaken Commonwealth ties. India, Pakistan, and Ghana all became republics after entering the Commonwealth, and they are still members — with the Crown acting, not as Head of State, but as Head of the Commonwealth.

This has worked amazingly well and one only has to consider the reception given to the Royal couple on their recent tour of India and Pakistan to realize what strong feelings of friendship exist in those Republics towards the Head of the Commonwealth. In Canada, where national ties with Britain are even stronger, there is no doubt that the Crown would remain a unifying symbol as Head of the Commonwealth.

Peerages and knighthoods have not been granted to Canadians for years, and Canadians are now completely cut off from the Queen's Honors List. Why? Because it was felt that these practices were inconsistent with our concept of democracy — a concept that is really republican though we don't admit it. The same reasoning applies to the Monarchy.

The last two appointees to the post of Governor-General have been Cana-

dians. Their performance has not justified the fears of skeptics that the office would become politically tainted. In fact, experience has shown us that a Canadian can be a very successful Head of State. Here again is an indication of the trend of our constitutional development. The final step is to cut the royal apron-strings.

Just as we should have full power to amend our Constitution, so should we have a Canadian Republic. The need for both arises from the desire to have a complete and autonomous national identity. In fact, no other justification should be necessary. As one change is purely formal, so is the other. It is national pride which demands that they be made.

The argument need not rest on national grounds alone, however. In international affairs Canada could strengthen her position with the new nations of the world by becoming a republic. In their eyes Canada would have thrown off the last connection with "colonialism". This sort of thinking may seem irrational to Canadians, but gestures such as this can mean much in international relations. As a republic Canada would have something more in common with the rising "neutral" nations. The diplomatic effects of this cannot be overlooked.

There have been recent rumblings in the British Labour Party about abolishing the Monarchy. Within a few decades this could be an accomplished fact in the United Kingdom. And what would Canada do then, poor thing? Always accustomed to following along in the footsteps of the "Mother Country", she would suddenly find herself in the ludicrous position of having a Monarch who had been discarded by Great Britain.

The present situation is intolerably out of touch with the times and with national feeling. We have waited too long for legal emancipation. Let's make the process complete and abolish the Crown in Canada.

ANSWER TO PUZZLER

Ian would be four years old.



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Point of View

Let's Abolish the Crown in Canada

by Stuart G. MacKinnon

IN THE COURSE of her constitutional development over the next few years, Canada should rid herself of the Monarchy and establish a form of state more in keeping with her national integrity.

It is a startling thought that in the midst of the twentieth century, Canada, a sovereign nation nearing its centenary, is still clinging to the vestiges of its ties with the "Mother Country". There isn't another independent country in the Western Hemisphere that has this antiquated form of government.

It is time that we erased one of the last traces of subservience to Great Britain. Canada should be a republic with a Head of State chosen by Canadians in form as well as in fact.

"But it is only a form," say the Monarchists, "a harmless link with the past which does not in the least detract from the democratic process, and which indeed gives meaning and cohesion where there would otherwise be dissension and strife, perhaps leading to the dissolution of the Commonwealth and of Canada itself."

If it is not worth having except as a formality, why bother with it at all? This carry-over from another age has great significance in the United Kingdom, but this is hardly relevant in a Canadian context, where there has never been a resident Monarch, an aristocracy, or a supporting class system.

Becoming a republic does not mean that we must adopt the American system and combine the offices of Head of State and Head of Government. Indeed, there is much to be said for having a symbol of unity above the strife of party and faction. Most modern states have recognized this fact.

However, why must the Crown of England be our symbol of national unity? Why not a truly Canadian symbol? We should have a Canadian appointed or elected as Head of State, one chosen not by the Monarch on the advice of the Canadian Governor-in-

Council, but by the Canadian people or their representatives.

The proposal to form a republic along these lines can hardly be considered revolutionary. It has been done before many times and several states today have this form of government. (West Germany and India, for example.) Nor would it materially affect our system of democracy. The Rule of Law would still be observed; cabinet government and responsibility to Parliament would remain unchanged, and the administration of justice would go on as before.

Republican status is obviously no bar to full membership in the Commonwealth, nor does it necessarily weaken Commonwealth ties. India, Pakistan, and Ghana all became republics after entering the Commonwealth, and they are still members — with the Crown acting, not as Head of State, but as Head of the Commonwealth.

This has worked amazingly well and one only has to consider the reception given to the Royal couple on their recent tour of India and Pakistan to realize what strong feelings of friendship exist in those Republics towards the Head of the Commonwealth. In Canada, where national ties with Britain are even stronger, there is no doubt that the Crown would remain a unifying symbol as Head of the Commonwealth.

Peerages and knighthoods have not been granted to Canadians for years, and Canadians are now completely cut off from the Queen's Honors List. Why? Because it was felt that these practices were inconsistent with our concept of democracy — a concept that is really republican though we don't admit it. The same reasoning applies to the Monarchy.

The last two appointees to the post of Governor-General have been Cana-

dians. Their performance has not justified the fears of skeptics that the office would become politically tainted. In fact, experience has shown us that a Canadian can be a very successful Head of State. Here again is an indication of the trend of our constitutional development. The final step is to cut the royal apron-strings.

Just as we should have full power to amend our Constitution, so should we have a Canadian Republic. The need for both arises from the desire to have a complete and autonomous national identity. In fact, no other justification should be necessary. As one change is purely formal, so is the other. It is national pride which demands that they be made.

The argument need not rest on national grounds alone, however. In international affairs Canada could strengthen her position with the new nations of the world by becoming a republic. In their eyes Canada would have thrown off the last connection with "colonialism". This sort of thinking may seem irrational to Canadians, but gestures such as this can mean much in international relations. As a republic Canada would have something more in common with the rising "neutral" nations. The diplomatic effects of this cannot be overlooked.

There have been recent rumblings in the British Labour Party about abolishing the Monarchy. Within a few decades this could be an accomplished fact in the United Kingdom. And what would Canada do then, poor thing? Always accustomed to following along in the footsteps of the "Mother Country", she would suddenly find herself in the ludicrous position of having a Monarch who had been discarded by Great Britain.

The present situation is intolerably out of touch with the times and with national feeling. We have waited too long for legal emancipation. Let's make the process complete and abolish the Crown in Canada.

ANSWER TO PUZZLER

Jan would be four years old.



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